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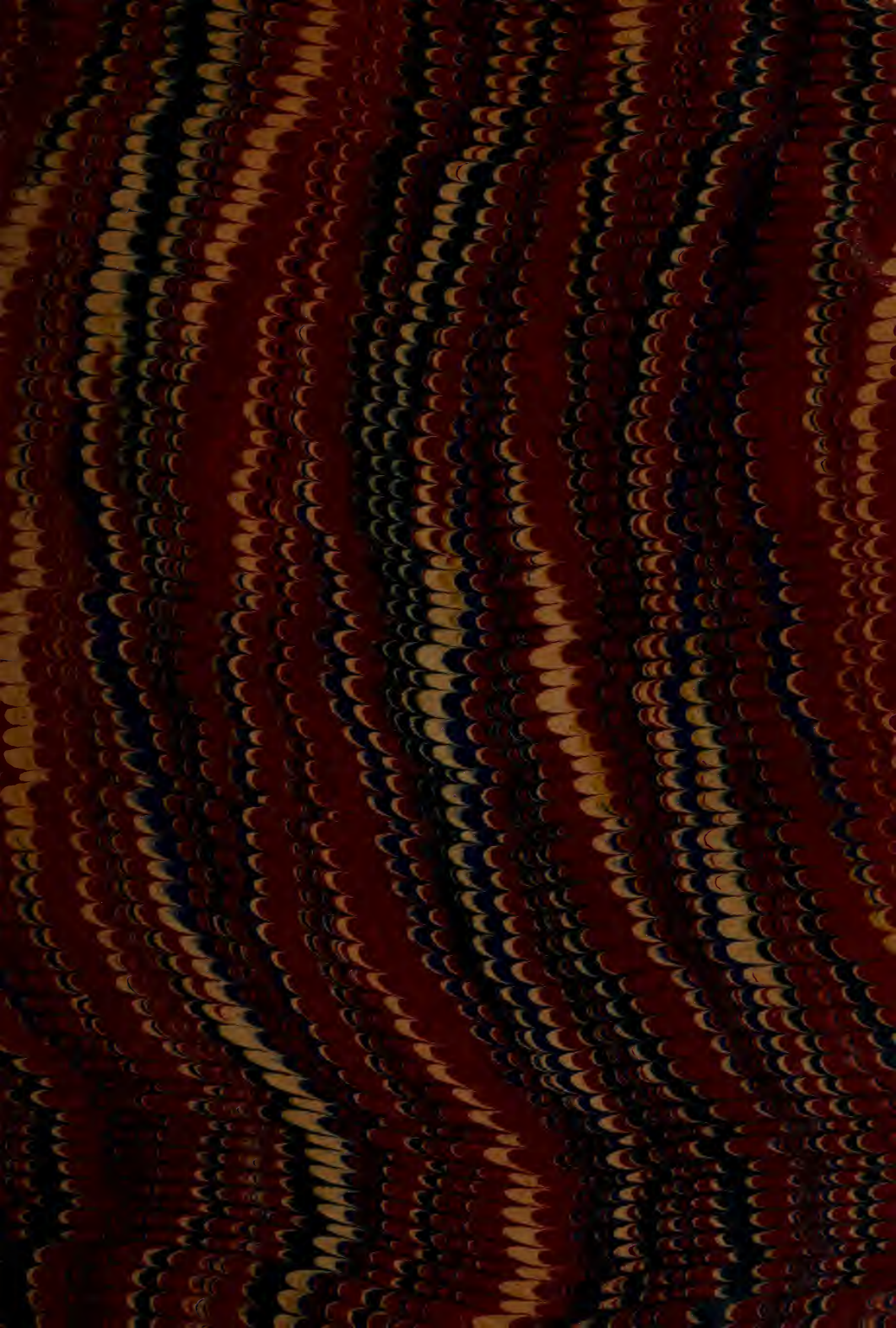
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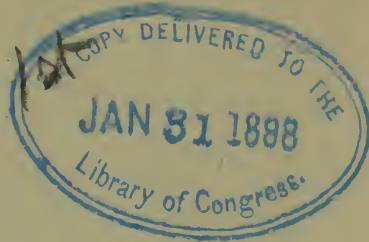
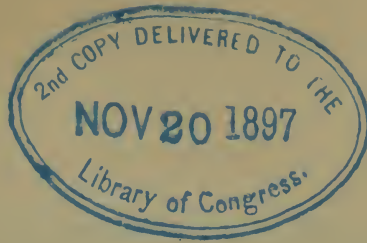
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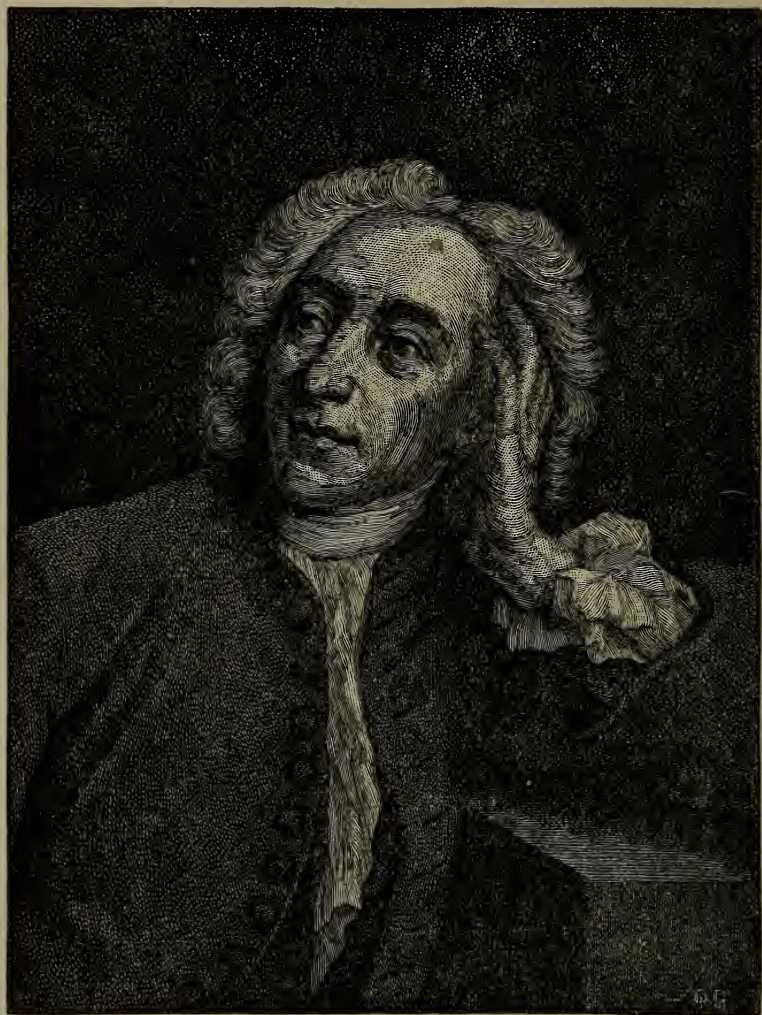
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ALEXANDER POPE.

The Silver Series of English Classics

POPE'S
HOMER'S ILIAD

BOOKS I., VI., XXII., AND XXIV.

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

ALEXANDER S. TWOMBLY



SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY

NEW YORK

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INTRODUCTION

MANY of Pope's writings give no better idea of his character than of his personal appearance. We read Pope's "Essay on Man," and there rises up before us a majestic figure, an author of strong frame, and with a mind above the petty ambitions of the world.

But Alexander Pope was a dwarf, contorted and thin, sickly when an infant, and at maturity obliged to wear a canvas jacket in order to stand erect; exacting with servants, he was whimsical and splenetic; ambitious of literary success, he was jealous of other writers, and wrote the "Dunciad" to avenge himself on his literary enemies: yet he wrote most exquisite verses; in him classical art found its center; laborious study made him master of perfect expression; and Byron said of him, "As to Pope, I have always regarded him as the greatest name in our poetry."

If he wrote libels and then disavowed them, he could affect the noblest sentiments and defend them. His "Essay on Man" has furnished maxims which have become proverbs. If he was melted by a little regard shown to him by the Prince of Wales, he could enact the part of a despiser of the great, especially in his letters, which he wrote to display his rhetorical skill, and which he published on the flimsy pretext that some one might misrepresent him.

Macaulay had no patience with him as a man, although forced to admire him as a poet. He says of him (in his "Essay on Addison") that "to injure, to insult by lying and equivocating, was the habit of his life; [he] puffed himself, and abused his enemies."

His diseased body was but the receptacle of his diseased mind. Pope was a Roman Catholic, but had no real religious convictions. In politics, he wrote, "I think no further than how to preserve the peace of my life in any government under which I live." He lived simply for his art, and fed on vanity.

He was born in London, 1688, and was a sickly child, with a pleasing voice, which gave him the name of "The Little Nightingale"; but, says Dr. Johnson in his "Lives of the Poets," "the mildness of his mind ended with his childhood." When seven or eight years of age, he became a lover of books. At eight, under the care of a Romish priest, he was taught Greek and Latin. He read Ogilby's translation of Homer and Sandy's Ovid. He framed a play from Ogilby, which his schoolfellows acted, and he also translated one quarter of the "Metamorphoses" of Ovid.

At twelve he formed a plan of study for himself, and determined to be a poet. He made Dryden his model, and was introduced, while yet a boy, to the poet, in a London coffeehouse, much to his delight. Dryden died in 1700; before this, Pope had written his "Ode on Solitude," which Dr. Johnson thought less meritorious than a poem of Cowley's, written at the same age. At fourteen, he made a version of the "First Book of the Thebais," which he afterwards revised and published. He also rendered Chaucer

into modern English. Before he was sixteen years of age, he wrote comedies, tragedies, and an epic poem, and "thought himself the greatest genius that ever was." All these youthful productions he afterwards destroyed.

It was not until he had passed his sixteenth birthday that his life as an author began. Addison made his acquaintance when Pope was twenty-five, his powers having then ripened into full maturity. He had published his "Pastorals" and the famous "Preface." He had varied the quiet life of his father's home at Binfield, in Windsor Forest, by visits to Covent Garden, where the wits of the day were accustomed to assemble; and in 1711, he published the "Essay on Criticism," which displays an acquaintance with ancient and modern learning and a discriminating taste which usually are attained only by the longest experience among men and books.

His humorous poem, "The Rape of the Lock," appeared in 1712. It was suggested by an incident at a house where he was a guest, — the cutting of a ringlet of Mrs. Fermore's hair by Lord Peter. Taine speaks of it as "buffoonery in a noble style"; Dr. Johnson thought it "the most airy, most ingenious, and most delightful of all his compositions"; but Swift declared it to be "an insidious pamphlet against the religion of the state." However, it gave the author great renown, and was quickly followed by other productions: "The Temple of Fame"; the "Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard," which Byron preferred to the celebrated ode of Sappho, but which Taine read and was bored; and "Windsor Forest," written at Binfield and revised later. In 1713, he projected his version of the "Iliad," of which

the first four books appeared in 1715, the whole being completed in 1720.

By this work he realized a sum which placed him in very comfortable circumstances, and enabled him to look down upon the "beggary scribblers in the pay of publishers." He lived in his pretty house at Twickenham, took great pleasure in his garden, and, with many poetical schemes in his head, wrote, revised, and sent to the press numerous volumes, among which was a version of the "Odyssey" of Homer.

Voltaire, being in England in 1725, sent Pope a sympathetic letter after an accident by which the poet lost the use of two fingers; and, in spite of tilts in print with other authors, and his constant suspicion of the motives of his friends, the little man, whose chair had to be raised at table, became the pet of the aristocracy, the libeler of his friends, the "realist under a classic wig,"—but, without doubt, *the* English poet whose genius and diligence raised him to the highest rank.

Pope died May 30, 1744, after suffering five years with asthma, having expressed his undoubted belief in a future state. While he was parsimonious in domestic matters, he gave away sometimes as much as one hundred pounds a year in charity, and now and then he would give a sumptuous dinner to his friends. He was a strange character, with few intimate friends, a host of enemies, but always well satisfied with himself and his works. Vain, proud of his riches, and feeling his own importance, his life was a triumph over infirmity of body, if not over infirmities of mind and disposition.

Few now understand the allusions in the "Dunciad," or

study the system of ethics in Pope's "Essay on Man"; his "Satires," "Dialogues," and "Imitations of Horace" are seldom read; his character and his foibles are generally unknown or ignored; but his splendid genius rests on the impregnable foundation of a few of his best works, among which stands his translation of the "Iliad" of Homer, which, says Dr. Samuel Johnson, is "the noblest version of poetry the world has ever seen."

THE POETIC PARAPHRASE.

POPE'S "ILIAD." — BOOKS I., VI., XXII., XXIV.

In the introduction to a London edition of Pope's translation of Homer's "Iliad," the editor, Rev. T. A. Buckley, writes: "We must be content to look at it as a most delightful work in itself,—a work which is as much a part of English literature as Homer himself is of Greek. Pope was not a Grecian. It is not too much to say that his whole work bears the impress of a disposition to be satisfied with the general sense, rather than of diving deeply into the minute and delicate features of language. Hence, his whole work is to be looked upon rather as an elegant paraphrase than a translation."

Pope himself, in his "Preface," also writes: "It is certain no literal translation can be just to an excellent original in a superior language; but it is a great mistake to imagine (as many have done), that a *rash* paraphrase can make amends for this general defect. . . . The fire of the poem is what a translator should principally regard."

Pope's translation of the "Iliad" is placed in this series

of English Classics because, as is shown above, it is the production of a poet who has expressed the sense of the original after a manner of his own, not only in elegant style, but also with great freedom. Such a version is called a Paraphrase, because, to use an expression of Dryden, it is "a translation with latitude, the author's words being not so strictly followed as his sense."

This translation will be treated, therefore, as a paraphrastic poem; not to show wherein it differs from a literal translation, but to consider it as it conveys to the reader the spirit and sense of the original.

The profit in the study of this work as a poetic paraphrase is greatly enhanced to a student who understands the Greek language, and reads Homer in the original with an appreciation of his style. But, as an English classic, Pope's translation has a value to those who are not Greek scholars, because of its pure, rhythmical English, its "oratorical movement," its grand style, and its fair rendering, in the main, of one of the noblest epics ever written in any language. To place before the average English reader a poem like that of Pope, with its fascinating language, its musical cadence, and its rich versification, is a boon which can be fully appreciated only by those who have tried to wade through a dreary literal translation, which gives equivalent words, but nothing of the poetic force and feeling of the original.

The four books which are included in this volume have been selected from the twenty-four which comprise the whole work, with a discrimination that can readily be seen.

The story of the "Iliad," as a whole, is the wrath of Achilles. The author is not giving a history of the Trojan War; that contest (between the Greeks, angry at the abduction of Helen, and the Trojans, who have received and are determined to defend her abductor) is only the background of the poetic picture. But the great actor, whose godlike prowess equals his wrath, looms up in bold relief before all other figures in the scene, and becomes the central object on which the eye fastens itself throughout the entire panorama of battles between men and men, men and gods, gods and goddesses.

These four books contain all that is needed to give the student a good idea of the story. The First Book opens in the tenth year of the siege of Troy. Without any explanation of the cause of the war, it describes the origin of the quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles over the beautiful captive girl, Briseïs. Agamemnon, as absolute commander of the Greeks, succeeds in obtaining possession of the fair captive. Achilles sulks in his tent, and refuses to use his martial strength against the Trojans. Thetis prevails on Jove to grant success, at least for a time, to the Trojan arms. Twenty-two days are consumed by what is described in this First Book.

During the period which ensues before the Sixth Book opens, Jupiter by a deceitful vision persuades Agamemnon to lead the Greeks, without Achilles and his warriors, into battle. A single combat between Menelaüs and Paris is agreed upon for the determination of the war. Paris is rescued in a cloud by Venus. The gods deliberate in council. Some of the Trojan warriors attack the Greeks. The

battle joins, and great numbers are slain. Diomed performs wonders; Mars rallies the Trojans; Juno and Minerva resist Mars. All this is tributary to the Sixth Book, which gives the episodes of Glaucus and Diomed and of Hector and Andromache, while Achilles still keeps his sullen mood.

These episodes are closely related to the main purpose of the poem, — the wrath of Achilles, — since the actors in them will be largely connected with Achilles in the scenes which are to follow. Therefore, the whole of the Sixth Book is selected and given in this volume.

Between the Sixth Book and the Sixteenth, there are more battles, strategic movements, doughty deeds of warriors and various maneuvers on the part of the gods, Achilles remaining as implacable as before. In the Sixteenth Book occurs the death of Achilles' bosom friend, Patroclus, who is slain by Hector. Then follow, in Books XVII.–XXI., the struggle to obtain the body of Patroclus, the grief of Achilles over his friend, the solemn reconciliation between Achilles and Agamemnon, the return to Achilles of the captive Briseïs, and the battles in which Achilles performs prodigies of valor.

The Twenty second Book is more directly connected with the main purpose of the poem, in that it brings Achilles face to face with Hector, the slayer of Patroclus. Achilles pursues Hector, who flees from him and is at last slain in mortal combat. The victor drags the body of Hector around the walls of Troy, and the Greeks chant the pæan, —

“ Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more.”

The wrath of Achilles, having occasioned untold calamities to the Greeks, now being assuaged, the godlike warrior becomes the savior of his countrymen.

The Twenty-third Book merely relates the funeral games in honor of Patroclus, and we come, in the Twenty-fourth and last Book, to the conclusion of the theme which has dominated the entire story. Achilles' wrath changes to compassion; he yields the body of Hector to the tears and prayers of Priam, this act of humanity giving proof that the son of Thetis is no greater as a hero in arms and mighty in his wrath than he is generous and compassionate as a conqueror in the hour of victory.

“Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent
The old man's fears, and turned within the tent.”

XXIV. 840.

Thus ends the “Iliad” of Homer: for the downfall of Troy, the reader is referred to the Second Book of Virgil's “Æneid”; for the death of Achilles, to the Twenty-second Book of the same work; and to the “Odyssey” of Homer for the innumerable wanderings and the safe return of Ulysses to Ithaca. The “Cyclic Poets” also give further particulars of those who survived the fall of Troy. But the fifty days, the period of action described in the “Iliad,” are over, and Homer has adhered to his theme, the reader having no right to expect more of him than his declared purpose to sing of the godlike Achilles and his wrath.

We come now to a consideration of the free translation and versification of Pope's paraphrase of Homer's “Iliad.”

As to the translation, Pope himself acknowledged his version to be a very free paraphrase of the original. "The chief help of Pope [says Dr. Johnson] in this arduous undertaking was drawn from the versions of Dryden. . . . Pope searched the pages of Dryden for happy combinations of heroic diction; but it will not be denied that he added much to what he found. His version may be said to have tuned the English tongue."

"I suppose [continues Dr. Johnson, in his "Life of Pope"] many readers of the English 'Iliad,' when they have been touched with some unexpected beauty of the lighter kind, have tried to enjoy it in the original, where, alas! it was not to be found."

Richard Bentley, the eminent English divine and philologist, once said to Pope (in answer to a veiled request for his opinion of the translation), "Oh, aye, now I recollect; your translation—it is a pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer."

"To a thousand cavils [Dr. Johnson concludes], one answer is sufficient: the purpose of a writer is to be read; Pope wrote for his own age and his own nation; he knew that it was necessary to color the images and point the sentiments of his author; he therefore made him graceful, but lost some of his sublimity."

Matthew Arnold writes, as a critic, that "between Pope and Homer there is interposed the mist of Pope's literary, artificial manner." He thinks Pope's paraphrase "extravagantly free"; that Homer's thought "has passed through a literary and rhetorical crucible and come out highly intellectualized." Homer deals with common facts in a matter-

of-fact way; Pope gives rhetorical descriptions, when plain statements would more exactly express the original.

Strangely enough, Pope himself has said, in his "Preface," "It is a great secret in writing to know when to be plain, and when poetical and figurative; and it is what Homer will teach us, if we will but follow modestly in his footsteps." In Pope's case, however, the pupil did not always follow his teacher.

At the time when Pope wrote his poem of the "Iliad," there were but three English versions, those of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. He said, in answer to some friendly criticisms of his version, "The greater part of those deviations from the Greek which you have observed, I was led into by Chapman and Hobbes, who are, it seems, as much celebrated for their knowledge of the original as they are decried for the badness of their translations; yet their authority, joined to the knowledge of my own imperfectness in the language, overruled me."

From these criticisms and the author's own acknowledgment of a lack of critical understanding of the beauties of Homer in the original, the conclusion is forced upon us, that it is a great risk to attempt a translation, or even a paraphrase, without better equipment than Pope possessed.

But if the result does not give us Homer, it may yet have so much in it of the fresh, vigorous, and rapid quality of Homeric verse, or present so much merit of its own in other respects, as will entitle the author to a high degree of praise for his work.

The "prodigious talent" of Pope has made his version

of the "Iliad" an English classic, even if it cannot hold the first rank as a translation.

At least, Pope has caught the spirit and the force, the rapidity of movement, and the sense of Homer. If the perfect simplicity of the Homeric style is lacking, much of its nobleness remains; and we gain a rhetorical finish which the Augustan age of Queen Anne and the Victorian era of the nineteenth century demand. Where one person in our day would read, from a sense of duty, a literal translation of Homer's "Iliad," hundreds read Pope's paraphrase with positive pleasure.

Of course there is no modern poet that can compare with Homer in his grand and simple style; in this the ancient bard is inimitable, and therefore will hold his supremacy in literature as Michelangelo does in art. Even Milton's sublime style, severe and classical, cannot vie with Homer's in simplicity and directness. Therefore, a paraphrase like Pope's "Iliad" must have some special and extraordinary features of its own to enable it to live among the nobler works of modern times.

And these peculiar features we find in passages of strong emotion, as in Book XXIV. 634-646; in passages of oratorical movement, as in Book XXII. 333-348; also in Book I. 251-260, which depicts Achilles' conflict with himself in the midst of his wrath; in Book VI. 604-648, which narrates the parting between Hector and Andromache, and in Book XXII. 23-30, which gives the angry response of Achilles to Apollo.

Many other passages might be cited, not only from the four books included in this volume, but also from the

twenty books of the "Iliad" not herein given; for example, Achilles' address to his horses, one of which, finding voice miraculously, prophesies his master's fate (Book XIX.). The student should seek out for himself these special excellences of Pope's version, remembering to credit their modern author with some of the poetical fancy which is not found in the ancient poem.

(It is perhaps necessary to say here, that the question of the real authorship of the so-called works of Homer has not been raised in this consideration of Pope's version; that question is left for the student to answer for himself from the many sources of information within his reach.)

As to its versification, Pope's "Iliad" undoubtedly suffers as a translation, from the measure which its author selected; this measure was the heroic couplet, in place of the hexameter line or blank verse. If he had aimed at a perfect translation, that is, a literal version of Homer (which he did not), then he would have endeavored to make his English conform as far as possible to the Greek.

He chose, however, the literary manner in which he excelled. Although this style may be called artificial and redundant, it enabled him to give a magical effect to his master work. By a different choice, it is not probable that he would have escaped Bentley's criticism that his poem was not Homer; nor would he, in all probability, have produced one of the most fascinating renderings that any English author has given us of Homer's "Iliad" in a modern English dress.

It may be true, as has been charged by critics, that

Pope's couplet, with its endings in rhyme, changes the style of Homer very considerably; in Homer there are no such corresponding cadences. It may also be good scholarship to affirm that a translator, even though a poet, must try to conform to the rules of critical scholars, who alone are supposed to have the means of judging style.

Apply these tests, and Pope's versification lacks a degree of Homeric strength and beauty. But take the poem, as it was intended to be, as a paraphrase in English and nothing more, and who will deny that the poet has at least adapted the elaborate style at his command, with a large measure of success, to the various sentiments and descriptions which Homer profusely introduces into his epic?

We have never yet had either a translation or a paraphrase of Homer, which really reproduces the "Iliad" as it was written in Greek. To adjust the English language to such a difficult language as the Greek, is, perhaps, an impossibility either in poetry or in prose.

Matthew Arnold thinks that an English poetical version of Homer should be made in hexameters. The hexameter, in which the "Iliad" and the "Æneid" are written, is a verse, or line, which has six feet, and, as every student knows, the first four feet may be either dactyls or spondees, but the fifth must be a dactyl and the sixth a spondee.

Now Arnold says that the well-known German translation of Voss, in hexameters, is heavy in construction of sentences and in selection of its words, and that it is far from creating in us the impression created by the Greek.

If Pope had written his version in hexameters, the pauses which it was his custom to place on the fourth or sixth

syllable of each line, making the style somewhat monotonous, would have been avoided. But would this change have "created in us the impression created by the Greek"? It is by the trained ear that the correct rhythm of a line is felt, and is it certain that the longer line would make the English more like the Greek than the shorter one?

Then as to the words to be used. Professor Sayce tells us that the language in which the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" were written is a very artificial one, a sort of curious mosaic, in which fragments of Æolic, Attic, and Ionic are embedded side by side. He also says that the contraction of syllables, during the age of Attic influence, resulted in various corruptions of the text in order to restore the violated meter.

Under these conditions, can we suppose that an English author, even if he used the most suitable words in the language, could conform to the peculiar vocabulary of the Homeric diction, or imitate with success the many styles and subtle differences of the Greek dialects in which the epic of Homer appeared when it reached the form in which it has come down to us?

It cannot be denied that there are some grave faults in Pope's paraphrase. The monotony of its pauses has already been mentioned and is patent to any one who reads it aloud. The rhymes are limited in range, as may readily be seen; neither are they always poetically correct; but that this paraphrase of the "Iliad" is a failure cannot be allowed by any one who takes into consideration what the poet set himself to do, and what he has actually done.

Of course, one must be able to read the Greek with great facility, in order to appreciate the full force and simplicity

of its movement and the sublimity of its periods. But we may well rejoice that, even with the ten-syllable couplet of Pope, with his peculiar pauses and separations in the lines, and with some glaring variations in the translation, we still have, if not the original effect of Homer, an interesting and superb work, which formed an epoch in the epic style of English poetry.

Therefore, as in ancient times the persons of bards were inviolable, under the protection of Apollo and inspired by Calliope, why may not the reputation of modern poets of acknowledged genius be held sacred, although in fainter tones they echo for us the heroic numbers which filled the heroes of old with the courage of the gods?

Only in this spirit of fidelity to genius can the rival schools of critics join in a common purpose to elevate the art, and say, as Diomed to Glaucus:—

“Now change we arms and prove to either host
We guard the friendship of the line we boast.”

For the *dramatis personæ* of the poem, see page 114.

THE ILIAD.



BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE CONTENTION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON.

In the war of Troy, the Greeks, having sacked some of the neighboring towns and taken from thence two beautiful captives, Chryseïs and Briseïs, allotted the first to Agamemnon, and the last to Achilles. Chryses, the father of Chryseïs, and priest of Apollo, comes to the Grecian camp to ransom her; with which the action of the poem opens, in the tenth year of the siege. The priest, being refused and insolently dismissed, by Agamemnon, entreats for vengeance from his god, who inflicts a pestilence on the Greeks. Achilles calls a council, and encourages Chalcas to declare the cause of it, who attributes it to the refusal of Chryseïs. The king being obliged to send back his captive, enters into a furious contest with Achilles, which Nestor pacifies; however, as he had the absolute command of the army, he seizes on Briseïs in revenge. Achilles in discontent withdraws himself and his forces from the rest of the Greeks; and complaining to Thetis, she supplicates Jupiter to render them sensible of the wrong done to her son, by giving victory to the Trojans. Jupiter granting her suit, incenses Juno, between whom and himself the debate runs high, till they are reconciled by the address of Vulcan.

The time of two-and-twenty days is taken up in this book; nine during the plague, one in the council and quarrel of the Princes, and twelve for Jupiter's stay with the Ethiopians — Thetis preferring her petition on his return. The scene lies first in the Grecian camp, then changes to Chrysa, and lastly to Olympus.

ACHILLES' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heav'nly goddess, sing!

That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
 The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain:
 Whose limbs, unburied on the naked shore, 5
 Devouring dog and hungry vultures tore:
 Since great Achilles and Atrides strove,
 Such was the sov'reign doom, and such the will of Jove!

Declare, O Muse! in what ill-fated hour
 Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended power? 10
 Latona's son a dire contagion spread,
 And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead;
 The king of men his rev'rend priest defied,
 And for the king's offense the people died.

For Chryses sought with costly gifts to gain 15
 His captive daughter from the victor's chain.
 Suppliant the venerable father stands;
 Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands:
 By these he begs; and, lowly bending down,
 Extends the scepter and the laurel crown. 20
 He sued to all, but chief implor'd for grace
 The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race:

"Ye kings and warriors! may your vows be crown'd,
 And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground;
 May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er, 25
 Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.
 But oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,
 And give Chryseïs to these arms again;
 If mercy fail, yet let my presents move,
 And dread avenging Phoebus, son of Jove." 30

The Greeks in shouts their joint assent declare,
 The priest to rev'rence and release the fair.
 Not so Atrides: he, with kingly pride,
 Repuls'd the sacred sire, and thus replied:

"Hence on thy life, and fly these hostile plains, 35
 Nor ask, presumptuous, what the king detains;
 Hence, with thy laurel crown and golden rod,

Nor trust too far those ensigns of thy god.
Mine is thy daughter, priest, and shall remain —
And prayers, and tears, and bribes shall plead in vain — 40
Till time shall rifle every youthful grace,
And age dismiss her from my cold embrace;
In daily labors of the loom employ'd,
Or doom'd to deck the bed she once enjoy'd.
Hence then ! to Argos shall the maid retire, 45
Far from her native soil and weeping sire."

The trembling priest along the shore return'd,
And in the anguish of a father mourn'd ;
Disconsolate, not daring to complain,
Silent he wander'd by the sounding main, — 50
Till, safe at distance, to his god he prays,
The god who darts around the world his rays :

"O Smintheus ! sprung from fair Latona's line,
Thou guardian power of Cilla the divine,
Thou source of light ! whom Tenedos adores, 55
And whose bright presence gilds thy Chrysa's shores ;
If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane,
Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain,
God of the silver bow ! thy shafts employ,
Avenge thy servant, and the Greeks destroy." 60

Thus Chryses pray'd : the fav'ring power attends,
And from Olympus' lofty tops descends.
Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to wound ;
Fierce, as he mov'd, his silver shafts resound.
Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread, 65
And gloomy darkness roll'd around his head.
The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow,
And hissing fly the feather'd fates below.
On mules and dogs th' infection first began ;
And last the vengeful arrows fix'd in man. 70
For nine long nights through all the dusky air
The pyres thick-flaming shot a dismal glare.

But ere the tenth revolving day was run,
 Inspir'd by Juno, Thetis' godlike son
 Conven'd to council all the Grecian train ; 75
 For much the goddess mourn'd her heroes slain.
 Th' assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,
 Achilles thus the king of men address'd :

“ Why leave we not the fatal Trojan shore,
 And measure back the seas we cross'd before ? 80
 The plague destroying whom the sword would spare,
 'Tis time to save the few remains of war.
 But let some prophet or some sacred sage
 Explore the cause of great Apollo's rage ;
 Or learn the wasteful vengeance to remove 85
 By mystic dreams, for dreams descend from Jove.
 If broken vows this heavy curse have laid,
 Let altars smoke and hecatombs be paid.
 So heav'n aton'd shall dying Greece restore,
 And Phœbus dart his burning shafts no more.” 90

He said, and sat : when Chalcas thus replied,
 Chalcas the wise, the Grecian priest and guide,
 That sacred seer, whose comprehensive view
 The past, the present, and the future knew :
 Uprising slow, the venerable sage 95
 Thus spoke the prudence and the fears of age :

“ Belov'd of Jove, Achilles ! wouldst thou know
 Why angry Phœbus bends his fatal bow ?
 First give thy faith, and plight a prince's word
 Of sure protection, by thy pow'r and sword. 100
 For I must speak what wisdom would conceal,
 And truths invidious to the great reveal.
 Bold is the task, when subjects, grown too wise,
 Instruct a monarch where his error lies ;
 For though we deem the short-liv'd fury past, 105
 'Tis sure, the mighty will revenge at last.”

To whom Pelides : “ From thy inmost soul

Speak what thou know'st, and speak without control.
 Ev'n by that god I swear, who rules the day,
 To whom thy hands the vows of Greece convey, 110
 And whose blest oracles thy lips declare, —
 Long as Achilles breathes this vital air,
 No daring Greek, of all the num'rous band,
 Against his priest shall lift an impious hand;
 Not ev'n the chief by whom our hosts are led, 115
 The king of kings, shall touch that sacred head."

Encourag'd thus, the blameless man replies:
 "Nor vows unpaid, nor slighted sacrifice,
 But he, our chief, provok'd the raging pest,
 Apollo's vengeance for his injur'd priest. 120
 Nor will the god's awaken'd fury cease,
 But plagues shall spread, and fun'ral fires increase,
 Till the great king, without a ransom paid,
 To her own Chrysa send the black-ey'd maid.
 Perhaps, with added sacrifice and pray'r, 125
 The priest may pardon, and the god may spare."

The prophet spoke; when, with a gloomy frown,
 The monarch started from his shining throne;
 Black choler fill'd his breast that boil'd with ire,
 And from his eye-balls flash'd the living fire. 130
 "Augur accurs'd! denouncing mischief still,
 Prophet of plagues, for ever boding ill!
 Still must that tongue some wounding message bring,
 And still thy priestly pride provoke thy king?
 For this are Phœbus' oracles explor'd, 135
 To teach the Greeks to murmur at their lord?
 For this with falsehoods is my honor stain'd,
 Is heaven offended and a priest profan'd,
 Because my prize, my beauteous maid, I hold,
 And heav'nly charms prefer to proffer'd gold? 140
 A maid, unmatch'd in manners as in face,
 Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with every grace:

Not half so dear were Clytæmnestra's charms,
 When first her blooming beauties bless'd my arms.
 Yet, if the gods demand her, let her sail ; 145
 Our cares are only for the public weal :
 Let me be deem'd the hateful cause of all,
 And suffer, rather than my people fall.
 The prize, the beauteous prize, I will resign,
 So dearly valued, and so justly mine. 150
 But since for common good I yield the fair,
 My private loss let grateful Greece repair ;
 Nor unrewarded let your prince complain,
 That he alone has fought and bled in vain."
 "Insatiate king !" (Achilles thus replies) 155
 "Fond of the pow'r, but fonder of the prize !
 Wouldst thou the Greeks their lawful prey should yield,
 The due reward of many a well-fought field ?
 The spoils of cities raz'd and warriors slain,
 We share with justice, as with toil we gain : 160
 But to resume whate'er thy av'rice craves
 (That trick of tyrants) may be borne by slaves.
 Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,
 The spoils of Ilion shall thy loss requite,
 Whene'er, by Jove's decree, our conqu'ring pow'rs 165
 Shall humble to the dust her lofty tow'rs."
 Then thus the king : " Shall I my prize resign,
 With tame content, and thou possess'd of thine ?
 Great as thou art, and like a god in fight,
 Think not to rob me of a soldier's right. 170
 At thy demand shall I restore the maid ?
 First let the just equivalent be paid ;
 Such as a king might ask ; and let it be
 A treasure worthy her and worthy me.
 Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim 175
 This hand shall seize some other captive dame.
 The mighty Ajax shall his prize resign,

Ulysses' spoils, or ev'n thy own, be mine.
 The man who suffers, loudly may complain;
 And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain. 180
 But this when time requires — it now remains
 We launch a bark to plow the wat'ry plains,
 And waft the sacrifice to Chrysa's shores,
 With chosen pilots and with lab'ring oars.
 Soon shall the fair the sable ship ascend, 185
 And some deputed prince the charge attend;
 This Creta's king or Ajax shall fulfill,
 Or wise Ulysses see perform'd our will;
 Or, if our royal pleasure shall ordain,
 Achilles' self conduct her o'er the main; 190
 Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,
 The god propitiate and the pest assuage."

At this, Pelides, frowning stern, replied :
 " O tyrant, arm'd with insolence and pride!
 Inglorious slave to int'rest, ever join'd 195
 With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind!
 What gen'rous Greek, obedient to thy word,
 Shall form an ambush or shall lift the sword?
 What cause have I to war at thy decree?
 The distant Trojans never injur'd me : 200
 To Phthia's realms no hostile troops they led;
 Safe in her vales my warlike coursers fed;
 Far hence remov'd, the hoarse-resounding main
 And walls of rocks secure my native reign,
 Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace, 205
 Rich in her fruits and in her martial race.
 Hither we sail'd, a voluntary throng,
 T' avenge a private, not a public wrong:
 What else to Troy th' assembl'd nations draws,
 But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause? 210
 Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve,
 Disgrac'd and injur'd by the man we serve?

And dar'st thou threat to snatch my prize away,
 Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day ;
 A prize as small, O tyrant ! matched with thine, 215
 As thy own actions if compared to mine !
 Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,
 Though mine the sweat and danger of the day.
 Some trivial present to my ships I bear,
 Or barren praises pay the wounds of war. 220
 But know, proud monarch, I'm thy slave no more ;
 My fleet shall waft me to Thessalia's shore.
 Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,
 What spoils, what conquests, shall Atrides gain ? "
 To this the king : " Fly, mighty warrior, fly ! 225
 Thy aid we need not and thy threats defy.
 There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight,
 And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right.
 Of all the kings (the gods' distinguish'd care)
 To pow'r superior none such hatred bear : 230
 Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,
 And wars and horrors are thy savage joy.
 If thou hast strength, 'twas Heav'n that strength bestow'd,
 For know, vain man ! thy valor is from God.
 Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away, 235
 Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway :
 I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate
 Thy short-liv'd friendship and thy groundless hate.
 Go, threat thy earth-born Myrmidons ; but here
 'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear. 240
 Know, if the god the beauteous dame demand,
 My bark shall waft her to her native land ;
 But then prepare, imperious prince ! prepare,
 Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair :
 Ev'n in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize, 245
 Thy lov'd Briseïs with the radiant eyes.
 Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour

Thou stood'st a rival of imperial pow'r ;
 And hence to all our host it shall be known
 That kings are subject to the gods alone." 250

Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppress'd ;
 His heart swell'd high and labor'd in his breast.
 Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom rul'd,
 Now fir'd by wrath, and now by reason cool'd :
 That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword, 255
 Force through the Greeks, and pierce their haughty lord ;
 This whispers soft, his vengeance to control,
 And calm the rising tempest of his soul.

Just as in anguish of suspense he stay'd,
 While half unsheath'd appear'd the glitt'ring blade, 260
 Minerva swift descended from above,
 Sent by the sister and the wife of Jove
 (For both the princes claim'd her equal care) ;
 Behind she stood, and by the golden hair
 Achilles seiz'd ; to him alone confess'd, 265
 A sable cloud conceal'd her from the rest.
 He sees, and sudden to the goddess cries,
 Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes :

" Descends Minerva in her guardian care,
 A heav'nly witness of the wrongs I bear 270
 From Atreus' son ? Then let those eyes that view
 The daring crime, behold the vengeance too."

" Forbear ! " (the progeny of Jove replies)
 " To calm thy fury I forsake the skies :
 Let great Achilles, to the gods resign'd, 275
 To reason yield the empire o'er his mind.
 By awful Juno this command is giv'n ;
 The king and you are both the care of heav'n.
 The force of keen reproaches let him feel,
 But sheathe, obedient, thy revenging steel. 280
 For I pronounce (and trust a heav'nly pow'r)
 Thy injur'd honor has its fated hour,

When the proud monarch shall thy arms implore,
And bribe thy friendship with a boundless store.
Then let revenge no longer bear the sway, 285
Command thy passions, and the gods obey."
To her Pelides: "With regardful ear,
'Tis just, O goddess! I thy dictates hear.
Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress:
Those who revere the gods, the gods will bless." 290
He said, observant of the blue-ey'd maid;
Then in the sheath return'd the shining blade.
The goddess swift to high Olympus flies,
And joins the sacred senate of the skies.
Nor yet the rage his boiling breast forsook, 295
Which thus redoubling on Atrides broke:
"O monster! mix'd of insolence and fear,
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!
When wert thou known in ambush'd fights to dare,
Or nobly face the horrid front of war? 300
'Tis ours the chance of fighting fields to try;
Thine to look on and bid the valiant die.
So much 'tis safer through the camp to go,
And rob a subject, than despoil a foe.
Scourge of thy people, violent and base! 305
Sent in Jove's anger on a slavish race,
Who, lost to sense of gen'rous freedom past,
Are tam'd to wrongs, or this had been thy last.
Now by this sacred scepter hear me swear,
Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear, 310
Which, sever'd from the trunk (as I from thee)
On the bare mountains left its parent tree;
This scepter, form'd by temper'd steel to prove
An ensign of the delegates of Jove,
From whom the pow'r of laws and justice springs 315
(Tremendous oath! inviolate to kings);
By this I swear, when bleeding Greece again

Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain.
 When, flush'd with slaughter, Hector comes to spread
 The purpled shore with mountains of the dead, 320
 Then shalt thou mourn th' affront thy madness gave,
 Forc'd to deplore, when impotent to save :
 Then rage in bitterness of soul, to know
 This act has made the bravest Greek thy foe."

He spoke; and furious hurl'd against the ground 325
 His scepter starr'd with golden studs around ;
 Then sternly silent sat. With like disdain,
 The raging king return'd his frowns again.

To calm their passion with the words of age,
 Slow from his seat arose the Pylia sage, 330
 Experienc'd Nestor, in persuasion skill'd ;
 Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd :
 Two generations now had pass'd away,
 Wise by his rules and happy by his sway ;
 Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd, 335
 And now th' example of the third remain'd.

All view'd with awe the venerable man,
 Who thus with mild benevolence began :
 "What shame, what woe is this to Greece! what joy
 To Troy's proud monarch and the friends of Troy! 340
 That adverse gods commit to stern debate
 The best, the bravest of the Grecian state.
 Young as ye are, this youthful heat restrain,
 Nor think your Nestor's years and wisdom vain.

A godlike race of heroes once I knew, 345
 Such as no more these aged eyes shall view !
 Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,
 Dryas the bold, or Ceneus' deathless name ;
 Theseus, endued with more than mortal might,
 Or Polyphemus, like the gods in fight ? 350
 With these of old to toils of battle bred,
 In early youth my hardy days I led,

Fir'd with the thirst which virtuous envy breeds,
 And smit with love of honorable deeds.
 Strongest of men, they pierc'd the mountain boar, 355
 Rang'd the wild deserts red with monsters' gore,
 And from their hills the shaggy Centaurs tore.
 Yet these with soft persuasive arts I sway'd;
 When Nestor spoke, they listen'd and obey'd.
 If in my youth, ev'n these esteem'd me wise, 360
 Do you, young warriors, hear my age advise.
 Atrides, seize not on the beauteous slave;
 That prize the Greeks by common suffrage gave:
 Nor thou, Achilles, treat our prince with pride;
 Let kings be just, and sov'reign pow'r preside. 365
 Thee the first honors of the war adorn,
 Like gods in strength, and of a goddess born;
 Him awful majesty exalts above
 The pow'rs of earth and scepter'd sons of Jove.
 Let both unite with well-consenting mind, 370
 So shall authority with strength be join'd.
 Leave me, O king! to calm Achilles' rage;
 Rule thou thyself, as more advanc'd in age.
 Forbid it, gods! Achilles should be lost,
 The pride of Greece and bulwark of our host." 375
 This said, he ceas'd. The king of men replies:
 "Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.
 But that imperious, that unconquer'd soul,
 No laws can limit, no respect control:
 Before his pride must his superiors fall, 380
 His word the law, and he the lord of all?
 Him must our hosts, our chiefs, ourself obey?
 What king can bear a rival in his sway?
 Grant that the gods his matchless force have giv'n;
 Has foul reproach a privilege from heav'n?" 385

Here on the monarch's speech Achilles broke,
 And furious, thus, and interrupting, spoke:

"Tyrant, I well deserv'd thy galling chain
 To live thy slave, and still to serve in vain,
 Should I submit to each unjust decree : 390
 Command thy vassals, but command not me.
 Seize on Briseïs, whom the Grecians doom'd
 My prize of war, yet tamely see resum'd ;
 And seize secure ; no more Achilles draws
 His conqu'ring sword in any woman's cause. 395
 The gods command me to forgive the past ;
 But let this first invasion be the last :
 For know, thy blood, when next thou dar'st invade,
 Shall stream in vengeance on my reeking blade."

At this they ceas'd ; the stern debate expir'd : 400
 The chiefs in sullen majesty retir'd.

Achilles with Patroclus took his way,
 Where near his tents his hollow vessels lay.
 Meantime Atrides launch'd with num'rous oars
 A well-rigg'd ship for Chrysa's sacred shores : 405
 High on the deck was fair Chryseïs plac'd,
 And sage Ulysses with the conduct grac'd :
 Safe in her sides the hecatomb they stow'd,
 Then, swiftly sailing, cut the liquid road.

The host to expiate next the king prepares, 410
 With pure lustrations and with solemn pray'rs.
 Wash'd by the briny wave, the pious train
 Are cleans'd ; and cast th' ablutions in the main.
 Along the shores whole hecatombs were laid,
 And bulls and goats to Phœbus' altars paid. 415
 The sable fumes in curling spires arise,
 And waft their grateful odors to the skies.

The army thus in sacred rites engag'd,
 Atrides still with deep resentment rag'd.
 To wait his will two sacred heralds stood, 420
 Talthybius and Eurybates the good.

"Haste to the fierce Achilles' tent" (he cries) ;

“Thence bear Briseïs as our royal prize:
 Submit he must; or, if they will not part,
 Ourselves in arms shall tear her from his heart.” 425

Th’ unwilling heralds act their lord’s commands;
 Pensive they walk along the barren sands:
 Arriv’d, the hero in his tent they find,
 With gloomy aspect, on his arm reclin’d.
 At awful distance long they silent stand, 430
 Loth to advance or speak their hard command;
 Decent confusion! This the godlike man
 Perceiv’d, and thus with accent mild began:

“With leave and honor enter our abodes,
 Ye sacred ministers of men and gods! 435
 I know your message; by constraint you came;
 Not you, but your imperious lord, I blame.
 Patroclus, haste, the fair Briseïs bring;
 Conduct my captive to the haughty king.
 But witness, heralds, and proclaim my vow, 440
 Witness to gods above and men below!
 But first and loudest to your prince declare,
 That lawless tyrant whose commands you bear,
 Unmov’d as death Achilles shall remain,
 Though prostrate Greece should bleed at ev’ry vein: 445
 The raging chief in frantic passion lost,
 Blind to himself and useless to his host,
 Unskill’d to judge the future by the past,
 In blood and slaughter shall repent at last.”

Patroclus now th’ unwilling beauty brought; 450
 She, in soft sorrows and in pensive thought,
 Pass’d silent, as the heralds held her hand,
 And oft look’d back, slow-moving o’er the strand.

Not so his loss the fierce Achilles bore;
 But sad retiring to the sounding shore, 455
 O’er the wild margin of the deep he hung,
 That kindred deep from whence his mother sprung;

There, bath'd in tears of anger and disdain,
Thus loud lamented to the stormy main:

“O parent goddess! since in early bloom
Thy son must fall, by too severe a doom;
Sure, to so short a race of glory born,
Great Jove in justice should this span adorn.
Honor and fame at least the Thund'rer owed,
And ill he pays the promise of a god,
If yon proud monarch thus thy son defies,
Obscures my glories, and resumes my prize.”

Far in the deep recesses of the main,
Where aged Ocean holds his wat'ry reign,
The goddess-mother heard. The waves divide;
And like a mist she rose above the tide;
Beheld him mourning on the naked shores,
And thus the sorrows of his soul explores:
“Why grieves my son? Thy anguish let me share;
Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care.”

He, deeply sighing, said: “To tell my woe,
Is but to mention what too well you know.
From Thebè, sacred to Apollo's name
(Eëtion's realm), our conqu'ring army came,
With treasure loaded and triumphant spoils,
Whose just division crown'd the soldier's toils;
But bright Chryseïs, heav'nly prize! was led
By vote selected to the gen'ral's bed.
The priest of Phœbus sought by gifts to gain
His beauteous daughter from the victor's chain;
The fleet he reach'd, and, lowly bending down,
Held forth the scepter and the laurel crown,
Entreating all; but chief implor'd for grace
The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race.
The gen'rous Greeks their joint consent declare,
The priest to rev'rence and release the fair.
Not so Atrides: he, with wonted pride,

The sire insulted, and his gifts denied :
 Th' insulted sire (his god's peculiar care)
 To Phœbus pray'd, and Phœbus heard the pray'r. 495
 A dreadful plague ensues ; th' avenging darts
 Incessant fly, and pierce the Grecian hearts.
 A prophet then, inspir'd by heav'n, arose,
 And points the crime, and thence derives the woes :
 Myself the first th' assembled chiefs incline 500
 T' avert the vengeance of the pow'r divine ;
 Then, rising in his wrath, the monarch storm'd ;
 Incens'd he threaten'd, and his threats perform'd.
 The fair Chryseïs to her sire was sent,
 With offer'd gifts to make the god relent ; 505
 But now he seiz'd Briseïs' heav'nly charms,
 And of my valor's prize defrauds my arms,
 Defrauds the votes of all the Grecian train ;
 And service, faith, and justice plead in vain.
 But, goddess ! thou thy suppliant son attend, 510
 To high Olympus' shining court ascend,
 Urge all the ties to former service ow'd,
 And sue for vengeance to the thund'ring god.
 Oft hast thou triumph'd in the glorious boast
 That thou stood'st forth, of all th' ethereal host, 515
 When bold rebellion shook the realms above,
 Th' undaunted guard of cloud-compelling Jove.
 When the bright partner of his awful reign,
 The warlike maid, and monarch of the main,
 The traitor-gods, by mad ambition driv'n, 520
 Durst threat with chains th' omnipotence of heav'n,
 Then call'd by thee, the monster Titan came
 (Whom gods Briareus, men Ægeon, name) ;
 Through wond'ring skies enormous stalk'd along,
 Not he that shakes the solid earth so strong : 525
 With giant-pride at Jove's high throne he stands,
 And brandish'd round him all his hundred hands.

Th' affrighted gods confess'd their awful lord,
 They dropp'd the fetters, trembled, and ador'd.
 This, goddess, this to his rememb'rance call, 530
 Embrace his knees, at his tribunal fall;
 Conjure him far to drive the Grecian train,
 To hurl them headlong to their fleet and main,
 To heap the shores with copious death, and bring
 The Greeks to know the curse of such a king. 535
 Let Agamemnon lift his haughty head
 O'er all his wide dominion of the dead,
 And mourn in blood that e'er he durst disgrace
 The boldest warrior of the Grecian race."

"Unhappy son!" (fair Thetis thus replies, 540
 While tears celestial trickle from her eyes)
 "Why have I borne thee with a mother's throes,
 To fates adverse, and nurs'd for future woes?
 So short a space the light of heav'n to view!
 So short a space! and fill'd with sorrow too! 545
 Oh, might a parent's careful wish prevail,
 Far, far from Ilion should thy vessel sail,
 And thou, from camps remote, the danger shun,
 Which now, alas! too nearly threatens my son:
 Yet (what I can) to move thy suit I'll go 550
 To great Olympus crown'd with fleecy snow.
 Meantime, secure within thy ships, from far
 Behold the field, nor mingle in the war.
 The sire of gods and all th' ethereal train
 On the warm limits of the farthest main, 555
 Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace
 The feasts of Æthiopia's blameless race:
 Twelve days the pow'rs indulge the general rite,
 Returning with the twelfth revolving light.
 Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move 560
 The high tribunal of immortal Jove."

The goddess spoke: the rolling waves unclose;

Then down the deep she plung'd, from whence she rose,
 And left him sorrowing on the lonely coast,
 In wild resentment for the fair he lost. 565

In Chrysa's port now sage Ulysses rode ;
 Beneath the deck the destin'd victims stow'd ;
 The sails they furl'd, they lash'd the mast aside,
 And dropp'd their anchors, and the pinnace tied.
 Next on the shore their hecatomb they land, 570
 Chryseïs last descending on the strand.

Her, thus returning from the furrow'd main,
 Ulysses led to Phœbus' sacred fane ;
 Where at his solemn altar, as the maid
 He gave to Chryses, thus the hero said : 575

“Hail, rev'rend priest ! to Phœbus' awful dome
 A suppliant I from great Atrides come :
 Unransom'd here receive the spotless fair ;
 Accept the hecatomb the Greeks prepare ;
 And may thy god, who scatters darts around, 580
 Aton'd by sacrifice, desist to wound.”

At this the sire embrac'd the maid again,
 So sadly lost, so lately sought in vain.
 Then near the altar of the darting king,
 Dispos'd in rank their hecatomb they bring : 585
 With water purify their hands, and take
 The sacred off'ring of the salted cake ;
 While thus with arms devoutly rais'd in air
 And solemn voice, the priest directs his pray'r :

“God of the silver bow, thy ear incline, 590
 Whose pow'r encircles Cilla the divine ;
 Whose sacred eye thy Tenedos surveys,
 And gilds fair Chrysa with distinguish'd rays !
 If, fir'd to vengeance at thy priest's request,
 Thy direful darts inflict the raging pest ; 595
 Once more attend ! avert the wasteful woe,
 And smile propitious, and unbend thy bow.”

So Chryses pray'd: Apollo heard his pray'r;
 And now the Greeks their hecatomb prepare;
 Between their horns the salted barley threw, 600
 And with their heads to heav'n the victims slew:
 The limbs they sever from th' inclosing hide;
 The thighs, selected to the gods, divide:
 On these, in double cauls involv'd with art,
 The choicest morsels lay from ev'ry part. 605
 The priest himself before his altar stands,
 And burns the off'ring with his holy hands,
 Pours the black wine, and sees the flames aspire;
 The youths with instruments surround the fire.
 The thighs thus sacrific'd, and entrails dress'd, 610
 Th' assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest:
 Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
 Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.
 When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
 With pure libations they conclude the feast; 615
 The youths with wine the copious goblets crown'd,
 And, pleas'd, dispense the flowing bowls around.
 With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends,
 The pæans lengthen'd till the sun descends:
 The Greeks, restor'd, the grateful notes prolong: 620
 Apollo listens, and approves the song.

'Twas night; the chiefs beside their vessel lie,
 Till rosy morn had purpled o'er the sky:
 Then launch, and hoise the mast; indulgent gales,
 Supplied by Phœbus, fill the swelling sails; 625
 The milk-white canvas bellying as they blow,
 The parted ocean foams and roars below:
 Above the bounding billows swift they flew,
 Till now the Grecian camp appear'd in view;
 Far on the beach they haul their barks to land 630
 (The crooked keel divides the yellow sand),
 Then part, where, stretch'd along the winding bay,

The ships and tents in mingled prospect lay.

But, raging still, amidst his navy sate
 The stern Achilles, steadfast in his hate ; 635
 Nor mix'd in combat nor in council join'd ;
 But wasting cares lay heavy on his mind ;
 In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,
 And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul.

Twelve days were past, and now the dawning light 640
 The gods had summon'd to th' Olympian height :
 Jove, first ascending from the wat'ry bow'rs,
 Leads the long order of ethereal pow'rs,
 When, like the morning mist, in early day,
 Rose from the flood the daughter of the sea, 645
 And to the seats divine her flight address'd.
 There, far apart, and high above the rest,
 The Thund'rer sate ; where old Olympus shrouds
 His hundred heads in heav'n, and props the clouds.
 Suppliant the goddess stood : one hand she plac'd 650
 Beneath his beard, and one his knees embrac'd.
 "If e'er, O father of the gods !" she said,
 "My words could please thee or my actions aid ;
 Some marks of honor on my son bestow,
 And pay in glory what in life you owe. 655
 Fame is at least by heav'nly promise due
 To life so short, and now dishonor'd too.
 Avenge this wrong, O ever just and wise !
 Let Greece be humbled and the Trojans rise, —
 Till the proud king and all th' Achaian race 660
 Shall heap with honors him they now disgrace."

Thus Thetis spoke, but Jove in silence held
 The sacred counsels of his breast conceal'd.
 Not so repuls'd, the goddess closer press'd,
 Still grasp'd his knees, and urg'd the dear request : 665
 "O sire of gods and men ! thy suppliant hear ;
 Refuse or grant ; for what has Jove to fear ?

Or, oh! declare, of all the pow'rs above,
Is wretched Thetis least the care of Jove?"

She said, and sighing thus the god replies 670
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies:

"What hast thou ask'd? Ah! why should Jove engage
In foreign contests and domestic rage,
The gods' complaints, and Juno's fierce alarms,
While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms?" 675

Go, lest the haughty partner of my sway
With jealous eyes thy close access survey;
But part in peace, secure thy pray'r is sped:
Witness the sacred honors of our head,
The nod that ratifies the will divine, 680
The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable sign;
This seals thy suit, and this fulfills thy vows —"
He spoke; and awful bends his sable brows,
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,
The stamp of fate and sanction of the god: 685
High heav'n with trembling the dread signal took,
And all Olympus to the center shook.

Swift to the seas profound the goddess flies;
Jove, to his starry mansion in the skies.
The shining synod of th' immortals wait 690
The coming god, and from their thrones of state
Arising silent, rapt in holy fear,
Before the majesty of heav'n appear.
Trembling they stand, while Jove assumes the throne,
All but the god's imperious queen alone: 695
Late had she view'd the silver-footed dame,
And all her passions kindled into flame.

"Say, artful manager of heaven" (she cries),
"Who now partakes the secrets of the skies?"
Thy Juno knows not the decrees of fate, 700
In vain the partner of imperial state.
What fav'rite goddess then those cares divides

Which Jove in prudence from his consort hides ?”

To this the Thund’rer : “ Seek not thou to find
The sacred counsels of almighty mind : 705
Involv’d in darkness lies the great decree,
Nor can the depths of fate be pierc’d by thee ;
What fits thy knowledge, thou the first shalt know :
The first of gods above and men below ;
But thou nor they shall search the thoughts that roll 710
Deep in the close recesses of my soul.”

Full on the sire the goddess of the skies
Roll’d the large orbs of her majestic eyes,
And thus return’d : “ Austere Saturnius, say,
From whence this wrath, or who controls thy sway ? 715
Thy boundless will, for me, remains in force,
And all thy counsels take the destin’d course.
But ’tis for Greece I fear : for late was seen
In close consult the silver-footed queen.
Jove to his Thetis nothing could deny, 720
Nor was the signal vain that shook the sky.
What fatal favor has the goddess won,
To grace her fierce inexorable son ?
Perhaps in Grecian blood to drench the plain,
And glut his vengeance with my people slain.” 725

Then thus the god : “ Oh restless fate of pride,
That strives to learn what heav’n resolves to hide !
Vain is the search, presumptuous and abhorr’d,
Anxious to thee and odious to thy lord.
Let this suffice ; th’ immutable decree 730
No force can shake : what *is*, that *ought* to be.
Goddess, submit, nor dare our will withstand,
But dread the power of this avenging hand ;
Th’ united strength of all the gods above
In vain resists th’ omnipotence of Jove.” 735

The Thund’rer spoke, nor durst the queen reply ;
A rev’rend horror silenc’d all the sky.

The feast disturb'd, with sorrow Vulcan saw
 His mother menac'd and the gods in awe;
 Peace at his heart and pleasure his design, 740
 Thus interpos'd the architect divine:

“The wretched quarrels of the mortal state
 Are far unworthy, gods! of your debate:
 Let men their days in senseless strife employ;
 We, in eternal peace and constant joy. 745

Thou, goddess-mother, with our sire comply,
 Nor break the sacred union of the sky:
 Lest, rous'd to rage, he shake the blest abodes,
 Launch the red lightning, and dethrone the gods.
 If you submit, the Thund'rer stands pleas'd; 750
 The gracious pow'r is willing to be pleas'd.”

Thus Vulcan spoke; and, rising with a bound,
 The double bowl with sparkling nectar crown'd,
 Which held to Juno in a cheerful way, —
 “Goddess” (he cried), “be patient and obey. 755
 Dear as you are, if Jove his arm extend,
 I can but grieve, unable to defend.

What god so daring in your aid to move,
 Or lift his hand against the force of Jove?
 Once in your cause I felt his matchless might, 760
 Hurl'd headlong downward from th' ethereal height;
 Toss'd all the day in rapid circles round,
 Nor, till the sun descended, touch'd the ground:
 Breathless I fell, in giddy motion lost;
 The Sinthians rais'd me on the Lemnian coast.” 765

He said, and to her hands the goblet heav'd,
 Which, with a smile, the white-arm'd queen receiv'd.
 Then to the rest he fill'd; and, in his turn,
 Each to his lips applied the nectar'd urn.
 Vulcan with awkward grace his office plies, 770
 And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies.

Thus the blest gods the genial day prolong

In feasts ambrosial and celestial song.
 Apollo tun'd the lyre ; the muses round
 With voice alternate aid the silver sound. 775
 Meantime the radiant sun, to mortal sight
 Descending swift, roll'd down the rapid light.
 Then to their starry domes the gods depart,
 The shining monuments of Vulcan's art :
 Jove on his couch reclin'd his awful head, 780
 And Juno slumber'd on the golden bed.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

EPISODES OF GLAUCUS AND DIOMED, HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

The gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail. Helenus, the chief augur of Troy, commands Hector to return to the city, in order to appoint a solemn procession of the queen and the Trojan matrons to the temple of Minerva, to entreat her to remove Diomed from the fight. The battle relaxing during the absence of Hector, Glaucus and Diomed have an interview between the two armies ; where, coming to the knowledge of the friendship and hospitality past between their ancestors, they make exchange of their arms. Hector, having performed the orders of Helenus, prevails upon Paris to return to the battle, and, taking a tender leave of his wife Andromache, hastens again to the field. The scene is first in the field of battle, between the rivers Simois and Scamander, and then changes to Troy.

Now heav'n forsakes the fight ; th' immortals yield
 To human force and human skill the field :
 Dark show'rs of jay'lins fly from foes to foes ;
 Now here, now there, the tide of combat flows ;
 While Troy's fam'd streams, that bound the deathful plain,
 On either side run purple to the main. 6

Great Ajax first to conquest led the way,
 Broke the thick ranks, and turn'd the doubtful day.
 The Thracian Acamas his falchion found,

And hew'd th' enormous giant to the ground ; 10
His thund'ring arm a deadly stroke impress'd
Where the black horse-hair nodded o'er his crest :
Fix'd in his front the brazen weapon lies,
And seals in endless shades his swimming eyes.
Next Teuthras' son distain'd the sands with blood, 15
Axylus, hospitable, rich, and good :
In fair Arisba's walls (his native place)
He held his seat ; a friend to human race.
Fast by the road, his ever-open door
Oblig'd the wealthy and reliev'd the poor. 20
To stern Tydides now he falls a prey,
No friend to guard him in the dreadful day !
Breathless the good man fell, and by his side
His faithful servant, old Calesius, died.
By great Euryalus was Dresus slain, 25
And next he laid Opheltius on the plain.
Two twins were near, bold, beautiful, and young,
From a fair Naiad and Bucolion sprung
(Laomedon's white flocks Bucolion fed,
That monarch's first-born by a foreign bed ; 30
In secret woods he won the Naiad's grace,
And two fair infants crown'd his strong embrace) :
Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms ;
The ruthless victor stripp'd their shining arms.
Astyalus by Polypœtes fell ; 35
Ulysses' spear Pidytes sent to hell ;
By Teucer's shaft brave Aretaön bled,
And Nestor's son laid stern Ablerus dead ;
Great Agamemnon, leader of the brave,
The mortal wound of rich Elatus gave, 40
Who held in Pedasus his proud abode,
And till'd the banks where silver Satnio flow'd.
Melanthius by Eurypylus was slain ;
And Phylacus from Leitus flies in vain.

Unbless'd Adrastus next at mercy lies 45
 Beneath the Spartan spear, a living prize.
 Scar'd with the din and tumult of the fight,
 His headlong steeds, precipitate in flight,
 Rush'd on a tamarisk's strong trunk, and broke
 The shatter'd chariot from the crooked yoke; 50
 Wide o'er the field, resistless as the wind,
 For Troy they fly, and leave their lord behind.
 Prone on his face he sinks beside the wheel.
 Atrides o'er him shakes his vengeful steel;
 The fallen chief in suppliant posture press'd 55
 The victor's knees, and thus his pray'rs address'd:

"Oh! spare my youth, and for the life I owe
 Large gifts of price my father shall bestow:
 When fame shall tell that, not in battle slain,
 Thy hollow ships his captive son detain; 60
 Rich heaps of brass shall in thy tent be told,
 And steel well-temper'd, and persuasive gold."

He said: compassion touch'd the hero's heart;
 He stood suspended with the lifted dart.
 As pity pleaded for his vanquish'd prize, 65
 Stern Agamemnon swift to vengeance flies,
 And furious thus: "O impotent of mind!
 Shall these, shall these Atrides' mercy find?
 Well hast thou known proud Troy's perfidious land,
 And well her natives merit at thy hand! 70
 Not one of all the race, nor sex, nor age,
 Shall save a Trojan from our boundless rage;
 Ilion shall perish whole, and bury all;
 Her babes, her infants at the breast, shall fall.
 A dreadful lesson of exampled fate, 75
 To warn the nations and to curb the great!"

The monarch spoke; the words, with warmth address'd,
 To rigid justice steel'd his brother's breast.
 Fierce from his knees the hapless chief he thrust;

The monarch's jav'lin stretch'd him in the dust. 80
Then, pressing with his foot his panting heart,
Forth from the slain he tugg'd the reeking dart.
Old Nestor saw, and rous'd the warriors' rage :
"Thus, heroes ! thus the vig'rous combat wage !
No son of Mars descend, for servile gains, 85
To touch the booty, while a foe remains.
Behold yon glitt'ring host, your future spoil !
First gain the conquest, then reward the toil."

And now had Greece eternal fame acquir'd,
And frighted Troy within her walls retir'd ; 90
Had not sage Helenus her state redress'd,
Taught by the gods that mov'd his sacred breast.
Where Hector stood, with great Æneas join'd,
The seer reveal'd the counsels of his mind :

"Ye gen'rous chiefs ! on whom th' immortals lay 95
The cares and glories of this doubtful day,
On whom your aids, your country's hopes depend,
Wise to consult and active to defend !

Here, at our gates, your brave efforts unite,
Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight ; 100
Ere yet their wives' soft arms the cowards gain,
The sport and insult of the hostile train.

When your commands have hearten'd ev'ry band,
Ourselves, here fix'd, will make the dang'rous stand ;
Press'd as we are and sore of former fight, 105
These straits demand our last remains of might.

Meanwhile, thou, Hector, to the town retire,
And teach our mother what the gods require :
Direct the queen to lead th' assembled train
Of Troy's chief matrons to Minerva's fane ; 110
Unbar the sacred gates, and seek the pow'r
With offer'd vows, in Ilion's topmost tow'r.
The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold,
Most priz'd for art, and labor'd o'er with gold,

Before the goddess' honor'd knees be spread ; 115
 And twelve young heifers to her altars led.
 If so the pow'r, aton'd by fervent prayer,
 Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,
 And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,
 That mows whole troops and makes all Troy retire. 120
 Not thus Achilles taught our hosts to dread,
 Sprung though he was from more than mortal bed ;
 Not thus resistless rul'd the stream of fight,
 In rage unbounded and unmatch'd in might."

Hector obedient heard, and with a bound 125
 Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground ;
 Through all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
 And bids the thunder of the battle rise.
 With rage recruited, the bold Trojans glow
 And turn the tide of conflict on the foe : 130
 Fierce in the front he shakes two dazzling spears ;
 All Greece recedes, and midst her triumph fears :
 Some god, they thought, who rul'd the fate of wars,
 Shot down avenging from the vault of stars.

Then thus, aloud : "Ye dauntless Dardans, hear ! 135
 And you whom distant nations send to war !
 Be mindful of the strength your fathers bore ;
 Be still yourselves, and Hector asks no more.
 One hour demands me in the Trojan wall,
 To bid our altars flame and victims fall : 140
 Nor shall, I trust, the matrons' holy train
 And rev'rend elders seek the gods in vain."

This said, with ample strides the hero pass'd ;
 The shield's large orb behind his shoulder cast,
 His neck o'ershading, to his ankle hung ; 145
 And as he march'd the brazen buckler rung.

Now paus'd the battle (godlike Hector gone),
 When daring Glaucus and great Tydeus' son
 Between both armies met ; the chiefs from far

Observ'd each other, and had mark'd for war. 150
Near as they drew, Tydides thus began :

“What art thou, boldest of the race of man ?
Our eyes, till now, that aspect ne'er beheld,
Where fame is reap'd amid th' embattled field ;
Yet far before the troops thou dar'st appear, 155
And meet a lance the fiercest heroes fear.

Unhappy they and born of luckless sires,
Who tempt our fury when Minerva fires !
But if from heaven, celestial, thou descend,
Know, with immortals we no more contend. 160

Not long Lycurgus view'd the golden light,
That daring man who mix'd with gods in fight.
Bacchus and Bacchus' votaries he drove
With brandish'd steel from Nyssa's sacred grove :
Their consecrated spears lay scatter'd round, 165
With curling vines and twisted ivy bound ;

While Bacchus headlong sought the briny flood,
And Thetis' arms receiv'd the trembling god.
Nor fail'd the crime th' immortals' wrath to move
(Th' immortals bless'd with endless ease above) ; 170
Depriv'd of sight by their avenging doom,

Cheerless he breath'd and wander'd in the gloom ;
Then sunk unpitied to the dire abodes,
A wretch accurs'd and hated by the gods !

I brave not heaven ; but if the fruits of earth 175
Sustain thy life, and human be thy birth,
Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,
Approach, and enter the dark gates of death.”

“What, or from whence I am, or who my sire”
(Replied the chief), “can Tydeus' son inquire ? 180
Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground :
Another race the following spring supplies ;
They fall successive and successive rise :

So generations in their course decay ; 185
 So flourish these, when those are pass'd away.
 But if thou still persist to search my birth,
 Then hear a tale that fills the spacious earth.
 " A city stands on Argos' utmost bound
 (Argos the fair, for warlike steeds renown'd); 190
 Æolian Sisypheus, with wisdom bless'd,
 In ancient time the happy walls possess'd,
 Then call'd Ephyre: Glaucus was his son,
 Great Glaucus, father of Bellerophon,
 Who o'er the sons of men in beauty shin'd, 195
 Lov'd for that valor which preserves mankind.
 Then mighty Prætus Argos' scepter sway'd,
 Whose hard commands Bellerophon obey'd.
 With direful jealousy the monarch rag'd,
 And the brave prince in num'rous toils engag'd. 200
 For him Antea burn'd with lawless flame,
 And strove to tempt him from the paths of fame:
 In vain she tempted the relentless youth,
 Endu'd with wisdom, sacred fear, and truth.
 Fir'd at his scorn, the queen to Prætus fled, 205
 And begg'd revenge for her insulted bed.
 Incens'd he heard, resolving on his fate;
 But hospitable laws restrain'd his hate:
 To Lycia the devoted youth he sent,
 With tablets seal'd, that told his dire intent. 210
 Now, bless'd by ev'ry pow'r who guards the good,
 The chief arriv'd at Xanthus' silver flood:
 There Lycia's monarch paid him honors due;
 Nine days he feasted, and nine bulls he slew.
 But when the tenth bright morning orient glow'd, 215
 The faithful youth his monarch's mandate show'd:
 The fatal tablets, till that instant seal'd,
 The deathful secret to the king reveal'd.
 First, dire Chimæra's conquest was enjoin'd:

A mingled monster, of no mortal kind; 220
 Behind, a dragon's fiery tail was spread;
 A goat's rough body bore a lion's head;
 Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire;
 Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.

“This pest he slaughter'd (for he read the skies, 225
 And trusted heav'n's informing prodigies);
 Then met in arms the Solymæan crew
 (Fiercest of men), and those the warrior slew.
 Next the bold Amazons' whole force defied;
 And conquer'd still, for heav'n was on his side. 230

“Nor ended here his toils: his Lycian foes,
 At his return, a treach'rous ambush rose,
 With level'd spears along the winding shore:
 There fell they breathless, and return'd no more.

“At length the monarch with repentant grief 235
 Confess'd the gods and god-descended chief;
 His daughter gave, the stranger to detain,
 With half the honors of his ample reign.

The Lycians grant a chosen space of ground,
 With woods, with vineyards, and with harvests crown'd. 240
 There long the chief his happy lot possess'd,
 With two brave sons and one fair daughter bless'd
 (Fair ev'n in heav'nly eyes; her fruitful love
 Crown'd with Sarpedon's birth th' embrace of Jove);

But when at last, distracted in his mind, 245
 Forsook by heav'n, forsaking human kind,
 Wide o'er th' Aleian field he chose to stray,
 A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way!

Woes heap'd on woes consum'd his wasted heart;
 His beauteous daughter fell by Phœbe's dart; 250
 His eldest-born by raging Mars was slain,
 In combat on the Solymæan plain.

Hippolochus surviv'd; from him I came,
 The honor'd author of my birth and name;

By his decree I sought the Trojan town, 255
 By his instructions learn to win renown;
 To stand the first in worth as in command,
 To add new honors to my native land,
 Before my eyes my mighty sires to place,
 And emulate the glories of our race." 260

He spoke, and transport fill'd Tydides' heart;
 In earth the gen'rous warrior fix'd his dart;
 Then friendly, thus, the Lycian prince address'd:
 "Welcome, my brave hereditary guest!
 Thus ever let us meet, with kind embrace, 265
 Nor stain the sacred friendship of our race.
 Know, chief, our grandsires have been guests of old,
 Ceneus the strong, Bellerophon the bold;
 Our ancient seat his honor'd presence grac'd,
 Where twenty days in genial rites he pass'd. 270
 The parting heroes mutual presents left:
 A golden goblet was thy grandsire's gift;
 Ceneus a belt of matchless work bestow'd,
 That rich with Tyrian dye refulgent glow'd
 ('This from his pledge I learn'd, which, safely stor'd 275
 Among my treasures, still adorns my board:
 For Tydeus left me young, when Thebè's wall
 Beheld the sons of Greece untimely fall).
 Mindful of this, in friendship let us join;
 If heav'n our steps to foreign lands incline, 280
 My guest in Argos thou, and I in Lycia thine.
 Enough of Trojans to this lance shall yield,
 In the full harvest of yon ample field;
 Enough of Greeks shall dye thy spear with gore;
 But thou and Diomed be foes no more. 285
 Now change we arms, and prove to either host
 We guard the friendship of the line we boast."

Thus having said, the gallant chiefs alight,
 Their hands they join, their mutual faith they plight;

Brave Glaucus then each narrow thought resign'd 290
 (Jove warm'd his bosom and enlarg'd his mind):
 For Diomed's brass arms, of mean device,
 For which nine oxen paid (a vulgar price),
 He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought:
 A hundred beeves the shining purchase bought. 295

Meantime the guardian of the Trojan state,
 Great Hector, enter'd at the Scæan gate.
 Beneath the beech-tree's consecrated shades,
 The Trojan matrons and the Trojan maids
 Around him flock'd, all press'd with pious care 300
 For husbands, brothers, sons, engag'd in war.
 He bids the train in long procession go,
 And seek the gods, t' avert th' impending woe.
 And now to Priam's stately courts he came,
 Rais'd on arch'd columns of stupendous frame; 305
 O'er these a range of marble structure runs,
 The rich pavilions of his fifty sons,
 In fifty chambers lodg'd: and rooms of state
 Oppos'd to those, where Priam's daughters sate:
 Twelve domes for them and their lov'd spouses shone, 310
 Of equal beauty and of polish'd stone.

Hither great Hector pass'd, nor pass'd unseen
 Of royal Hecuba, his mother queen
 (With her Laodicè, whose beauteous face
 Surpass'd the nymphs of Troy's illustrious race). 315
 Long in a strict embrace she held her son,
 And press'd his hand, and tender thus begun:

"O Hector! say, what great occasion calls
 My son from fight, when Greece surrounds our walls?
 Com'st thou to supplicate th' almighty pow'r, 320
 With lifted hands from Ilion's lofty tow'r?
 Stay, till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd,
 In Jove's high name, to sprinkle on the ground,
 And pay due vows to all the gods around.

Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul, 325
 And draw new spirits from the gen'rous bowl;
 Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,
 The brave defender of thy country's right."

"Far hence be Bacchus' gifts" (the chief rejoin'd);
 "Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind, 330
 Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.

Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice
 To sprinkle to the gods, its better use.

By me that holy office were profan'd;
 Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd, 335

To the pure skies these horrid hands to raise,
 Or offer heav'n's great sire polluted praise.
 You, with your matrons, go, a spotless train!
 And burn rich odors in Minerva's fane.

The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold, 340
 Most priz'd for art, and labor'd o'er with gold,
 Before the goddess' honor'd knees be spread,
 And twelve young heifers to her altar led.

So may the pow'r, aton'd by fervent pray'r,
 Our wives, our infants, and our city spare, 345
 And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,

Who mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.
 Be this, O mother, your religious care;

I go to rouse soft Paris to the war:
 If yet, not lost to all the sense of shame, 350
 The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame.

Oh would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,
 That pest of Troy, that ruin of our race!
 Deep to the dark abyss might he descend,
 Troy yet should flourish, and my sorrows end." 355

This heard, she gave command; and summon'd came
 Each noble matron and illustrious dame.

The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went,
 Where treasur'd odors breath'd a costly scent.

There lay the vestures of no vulgar art, 360
 Sidonian maids embroider'd ev'ry part,
 Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore,
 With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.
 Here as the queen revolv'd with careful eyes
 The various textures and the various dyes, 365
 She chose a veil that shone superior far,
 And glow'd refulgent as the morning star.
 Herself with this the long procession leads ;
 The train majestically slow proceeds.
 Soon as to Ilion's topmost tow'r they come, 370
 And awful reach the high Palladian dome,
 Antenor's consort, fair Theano, waits
 As Pallas' priestess, and unbars the gates.
 With hands uplifted and imploring eyes,
 They fill the dome with supplicating cries. 375
 The priestess then the shining veil displays,
 Plac'd on Minerva's knees, and thus she prays :
 " O awful goddess ! ever-dreadful maid,
 Troy's strong defense, unconquer'd Pallas, aid !
 Break thou Tydides' spear, and let him fall 380
 Prone on the dust before the Trojan wall.
 So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,
 Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke.
 But thou, aton'd by penitence and pray'r,
 Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare ! " 385
 So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane :
 So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.
 While these appear before the pow'r with pray'rs,
 Hector to Paris' lofty dome repairs.
 Himself the mansion rais'd, from every part 390
 Assembling architects of matchless art.
 Near Priam's court and Hector's palace stands
 The pompous structure, and the town commands.
 A spear the hero bore of wond'rous strength :

Of full ten cubits was the lance's length ; 395
 The steely point, with golden ringlets join'd,
 Before him brandish'd, at each motion shin'd.
 Thus ent'ring, in the glitt'ring rooms he found
 His brother-chief, whose useless arms lay round,
 His eyes delighting with their splendid show, 400
 Bright'ning the shield, and polishing the bow.
 Beside him Helen with her virgins stands,
 Guides their rich labors, and instructs their hands.

Him thus inactive, with an ardent look
 The prince beheld, and high-resenting spoke : 405
 "Thy hate to Troy is this the time to show
 (O wretch ill-fated and thy country's foe !) ?
 Paris and Greece against us both conspire,
 Thy close resentment, and their vengeful ire.
 For thee great Ilion's guardian heroes fall, 410
 Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall ;
 For thee the soldier bleeds, the matron mourns,
 And wasteful war in all its fury burns.
 Ungrateful man ! deserves not this thy care,
 Our troops to hearten and our toils to share ? 415
 Rise, or behold the conqu'ring flames ascend,
 And all the Phrygian glories at an end."

"Brother, 'tis just" (replied the beauteous youth) ;
 "Thy free remonstrance proves thy worth and truth :
 Yet charge my absence less, O gen'rous chief, 420
 On hate to Troy than conscious shame and grief :
 Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother sate,
 And mourn'd in secret his and Ilion's fate.
 'Tis now enough : now glory spreads her charms,
 And beauteous Helen calls her chief to arms. 425
 Conquest to-day my happier sword may bless,
 'Tis man's to fight, but heav'n's to give success.
 But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind ;
 Or go, and Paris shall not lag behind."

He said, nor answer'd Priam's warlike son ; 430
 When Helen thus with lowly grace begun :

“ O gen'rous brother ! if the guilty dame
 That caus'd these woes deserve a sister's name !
 Would heav'n, ere all these dreadful deeds were done,
 The day that show'd me to the golden sun 435
 Had seen my death ! Why did not whirlwinds bear
 The fatal infant to the fowls of air ?

Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tide,
 And midst the roarings of the waters died ?
 Heav'n fill'd up all my ills, and I accurst 440
 Bore all, and Paris of those ills the worst.

Helen at least a braver spouse might claim,
 Warm'd with some virtue, some regard of fame !
 Now, tir'd with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,
 With toils sustain'd for Paris' sake and mine : 445

The gods have link'd our miserable doom,
 Our present woe and infamy to come :
 Wide shall it spread, and last through ages long,
 Example sad ! and theme of future song ! ”

The chief replied : “ This time forbids to rest : 450
 The Trojan bands, by hostile fury press'd,
 Demand their Hector, and his arm require ;
 The combat urges, and my soul's on fire.

Urge thou thy knight to march where glory calls,
 And timely join me, e'er I leave the walls. 455
 E'er yet I mingle in the direful fray,

My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay ;
 This day (perhaps the last that sees me here)
 Demands a parting word, a tender tear :
 This day some god who hates our Trojan land 460
 May vanquish Hector by a Grecian hand. ”

He said, and pass'd with sad presaging heart
 To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part ;
 At home he sought her, but he sought in vain :

She, with one maid of all her menial train, 465
 Had thence retir'd; and, with her second joy,
 The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy,
 Pensive she stood on Ilion's tow'ry height,
 Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight;
 There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore, 470
 Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.

But he who found not whom his soul desir'd,
 Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd,
 Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way she bent
 Her parting steps; if to the fane she went, 475
 Where late the mourning matrons made resort,
 Or sought her sisters in the Trojan court.
 "Not to the court" (replied th' attendant train),
 "Nor, mix'd with matrons, to Minerva's fane:
 To Ilion's steepy tow'r she bent her way, 480
 To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.
 Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian sword;
 She heard, and trembled for her distant lord:
 Distracted with surprise, she seem'd to fly,
 Fear on her cheek and sorrow in her eye. 485
 The nurse attended with her infant boy,
 The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy."

Hector, this heard, return'd without delay;
 Swift through the town he trod his former way,
 Through streets of palaces and walks of state, 490
 And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.
 With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
 His blameless wife, Eëtion's wealthy heir
 (Cilician Thebè great Eëtion sway'd,
 And Hippoplacus' wide-extended shade): 495
 The nurse stood near, in whose embraces press'd
 His only hope hung smiling at her breast,
 Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
 Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.

To this lov'd infant Hector gave the name 500
Scamandrius, from Scamander's honor'd stream;
Astyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,
From his great father, the defense of Troy.
Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd, resign'd
To tender passions all his mighty mind: 505
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;
Her bosom labor'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.
"Too daring prince! ah whither dost thou run? 510
Ah too forgetful of thy wife and son!
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
A widow I, a helpless orphan he!
For sure such courage length of life denies,
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice. 515
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
Oh grant me, gods! e'er Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of heav'n, an early tomb!
So shall my days in one sad tenor run, 520
And end with sorrows as they first begun.
No parent now remains, my griefs to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,
Laid Thebè waste, and slew my warlike sire! 525
His fate compassion in the victor bred;
Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead,
His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,
And laid him decent on the fun'ral pile;
Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were burn'd: 530
The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd;
Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow
A barren shade, and in his honor grow.

"By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell;

In one sad day beheld the gates of hell : 535
 While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,
 Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled !
 My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,
 The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands :
 Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again 540
 Her pleasing empire and her native plain,
 When, ah ! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,
 She fell a victim to Diana's bow.

“ Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
 My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee : 545
 Alas ! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
 Once more will perish if my Hector fall.
 Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share :
 Oh prove a husband's and a father's care !
 That quarter most the skillful Greeks annoy, 550
 Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy :
 Thou from this tow'r defend th' important post.
 There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
 That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,
 And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train. 555
 Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n,
 Or led by hopes or dictated from heav'n.
 Let others in the field their arms employ,
 But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.”

The chief replied : “ That post shall be my care, 560
 Nor that alone, but all the works of war.
 How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
 And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground,
 Attaint the luster of my former name
 Should Hector basely quit the field of fame ! 565
 My early youth was bred to martial pains,
 My soul impels me to th' embattled plains :
 Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
 And guard my father's glories and my own.

Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates 570
 (How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!), —
 The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
 And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
 And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
 My mother's death, the ruin of my kind, 575
 Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
 Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,
 As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread:
 I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
 In Argive looms our battles to design, 580
 And woes of which so large a part was thine!
 To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
 The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
 There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
 They cry, 'Behold the mighty Hector's wife!' 585
 Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
 Embitters all thy woes by naming me.
 The thoughts of glory past and present shame,
 A thousand griefs, shall waken at the name!
 May I lie cold before that dreadful day, 590
 Press'd with a load of monumental clay!
 Thy Hector, wrapp'd in everlasting sleep,
 Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep."

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
 Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy. 595
 The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
 Scar'd at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
 With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
 And Hector hasted to relieve his child;
 The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound, 600
 And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.
 Then kiss'd the child, and, lifting high in air,
 Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's pray'r:
 "O thou! whose glory fills th' ethereal throne,

And all ye deathless pow'rs ! protect my son ! 605
 Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
 To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
 Against his country's foes the war to wage,
 And rise the Hector of the future age !

So when, triumphant from successful toils, 610
 Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
 Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
 And say, ' This chief transcends his father's fame '
 While pleas'd, amidst the gen'ral shouts of Troy,
 His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy." 615

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
 Restor'd the pleasing burthen to her arms ;
 Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
 Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
 The troubled pleasure soon chastis'd by fear, 620
 She mingled with the smile a tender tear.
 The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
 And dried the falling drops, and thus pursued :

" Andromache ! my soul's far better part,
 Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart ? 625
 No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
 Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
 Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth,
 And such the hard condition of our birth.
 No force can then resist, no flight can save ; 630
 All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
 No more — but hasten to thy tasks at home,
 There guide the spindle, and direct the loom :
 Me glory summons to the martial scene,
 The field of combat is the sphere for men. 635
 Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
 The first in danger as the first in fame."

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
 His tow'ry helmet, black with shading plumes.

His princess parts with a prophetic sigh, 640
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That stream'd at ev'ry look : then, moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike man,
Through all her train the soft infection ran : 645
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn the living Hector as the dead.

But now, no longer deaf to honor's call,
Forth issues Paris from the palace wall.
In brazen arms that cast a gleamy ray, 650
Swift through the town the warrior bends his way.
The wanton courser thus, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling ground ;
Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted tides,
And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides : 655
His head, now freed, he tosses to the skies ;
His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies ;
He snuffs the females in the distant plain,
And springs, exulting, to his fields again.
With equal triumph, sprightly, bold, and gay, 660
In arms refulgent as the god of day,
The son of Priam, glorying in his might,
Rush'd forth with Hector to the fields of fight.

And now the warriors passing on the way,
The graceful Paris first excus'd his stay. 665
To whom the noble Hector thus replied :
" O chief, in blood, and now in arms, allied !
Thy pow'r in war with justice none contest ;
Known is thy courage and thy strength confess'd.
What pity, sloth should seize a soul so brave, 670
Or godlike Paris live a woman's slave !
My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans say,
And hopes thy deeds shall wipe the stain away.
Haste then, in all their glorious labors share ;

For much they suffer, for thy sake, in war.
 These ills shall cease, whene'er by Jove's decree
 We crown the bowl to Heav'n and Liberty:
 While the proud foe his frustrate triumphs mourns,
 And Greece indignant through her seas returns."

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BOOK XXII.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE DEATH OF HECTOR.

The Trojans being safe within the walls, Hector only stays to oppose Achilles. Priam is struck at his approach, and tries to persuade his son to reënter the town. Hecuba joins her entreaties, but in vain. Hector consults within himself what measures to take; but, at the advance of Achilles, his resolution fails him, and he flies: Achilles pursues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The gods debate concerning the fate of Hector; at length Minerva descends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the shape of Deïphobus; he stands the combat, and is slain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot, in the sight of Priam and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears, and despair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the palace; she mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead husband. She swoons at the spectacle. Her excess of grief and lamentation.

The thirtieth day still continues. The scene lies under the walls, and on the battlements of Troy.

Thus to their bulwarks, smit with panic fear,
 The herded Ilians rush like driven deer;
 There, safe, they wipe the briny drops away,
 And drown in bowls the labors of the day.
 Close to the walls, advancing o'er the fields
 Beneath one roof of well-compacted shields,
 March, bending on, the Greeks' embodied pow'rs,
 Far-stretching in the shade of Trojan tow'rs.
 Great Hector singly stay'd; chain'd down by fate,
 There fix'd he stood before the Scæan gate,

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Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,
The guardian still of long-defended Troy.

Apollo now to tir'd Achilles turns
(The power confess'd in all his glory burns),
"And what" (he cries) "has Peleus' son in view, 15
With mortal speed a godhead to pursue?
For not to thee to know the gods is giv'n,
Unskill'd to trace the latent marks of heav'n.
What boots thee now that Troy forsook the plain?
Vain thy past labor and thy present vain: 20
Safe in their walls are now her troops bestow'd,
While here thy frantic rage attacks a god."

The chief incens'd: "Too partial god of day!
To check my conquests in the middle way:
How few in Ilion else had refuge found! 25
What gasping numbers now had bit the ground!
Thou robb'st me of a glory justly mine,
Pow'rful of godhead and of fraud divine:
Mean fame, alas! for one of heav'nly strain,
To cheat a mortal who repines in vain." 30

Then to the city, terrible and strong,
With high and haughty steps he tower'd along:
So the proud courser, victor of the prize,
To the near goal with double ardor flies.
Him, as he blazing shot across the field, 35
The careful eyes of Priam first beheld.
Not half so dreadful rises to the sight,
Through the thick gloom of some tempestuous night,
Orion's dog (the year when autumn weighs),
And o'er the feebler stars exerts his rays; 40
Terrific glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the sage;
He strikes his rev'rend head, now white with age;
He lifts his wither'd arms; obtests the skies; 45

He calls his much-lov'd son with feeble cries.
 The son, resolv'd Achilles' force to dare,
 Full at the Scaean gates expects the war,
 While the sad father on the rampart stands,
 And thus adjures him with extended hands : 50
 "Ah, stay not, stay not ! guardless and alone ;
 Hector, my lov'd, my dearest, bravest son !
 Methinks already I behold thee slain,
 And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
 Implacable Achilles ! might'st thou be 55
 To all the gods no dearer than to me !
 Thee vultures wild should scatter round the shore,
 And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore !
 How many valiant sons I late enjoy'd,
 Valiant in vain ! by thy curs'd arm destroy'd : 60
 Or, worse than slaughter'd, sold in distant isles
 To shameful bondage and unworthy toils.
 Two, while I speak, my eyes in vain explore,
 Two from one mother sprung, my Polydore
 And loved Lycaon ; now perhaps no more ! 65
 Oh ! if in yonder hostile camp they live,
 What heaps of gold, what treasure would I give
 (Their grandsire's wealth, by right of birth their own,
 Consign'd his daughter with Lelegia's throne) !
 But if (which heav'n forbid) already lost, 70
 All pale they wander on the Stygian coast,
 What sorrows then must their sad mother know,
 What anguish I ! unutterable woe !
 Yet less that anguish, less to her, to me,
 Less to all Troy, if not depriv'd of thee. 75
 Yet shun Achilles ! enter yet the wall ;
 And spare thyself, thy father, spare us all !
 Save thy dear life : or if a soul so brave
 Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save.
 Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs ; 80

While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
 Yet curs'd with sense ! a wretch, whom in his rage
 (All trembling on the verge of helpless age)
 Great Jove has plac'd, sad spectacle of pain !
 The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain : 85
 To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,
 And number all his days by miseries !
 My heroes slain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
 My daughters ravish'd, and my city burn'd,
 My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor, — 90
 These I have yet to see, perhaps yet more !
 Perhaps ev'n I, reserv'd by angry fate
 The last sad relic of my ruin'd state
 (Dire pomp of sovereign wretchedness), must fall
 And stain the pavement of my regal hall, 95
 Where famish'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
 Shall lick their mangled master's spatter'd gore.
 Yet for my sons I thank ye, gods ! 'twas well :
 Well have they perish'd, for in fight they fell.
 Who dies in youth in vigor, dies the best, 100
 Struck through with wounds, all honest on the breast.
 But when the fates, in fullness of their rage,
 Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,
 In dust the rev'rend lineaments deform,
 And pour to dogs the life-blood scarcely warm ; 105
 This, this is misery ! the last, the worst,
 That man can feel, man, fated to be curs'd ! ”

He said, and acting what no words could say,
 Rent from his head the silver locks away.
 With him the mournful mother bears a part ; 110
 Yet all their sorrows turn not Hector's heart :
 The zone unbrac'd, her bosom she display'd ;
 And thus, fast-falling the salt tears, she said :
 “ Have mercy on me, O my son ! revere
 The words of age ; attend a parent's pray'r ! 115

If ever thee in these fond arms I press'd,
 Or still'd thy infant clamors at this breast,
 Ah! do not thus our helpless years forego,
 But, by our walls secur'd, repel the foe.
 Against his rage if singly thou proceed, 120
 Shouldst thou (but heav'n avert it!) shouldst thou bleed,
 Nor must thy corse lie honor'd on the bier,
 Nor spouse, nor mother, grace thee with a tear;
 Far from our pious rites, those dear remains
 Must feast the vultures on the naked plains." 125

So they, while down their cheeks the torrents roll:
 But fix'd remains the purpose of his soul;
 Resolv'd he stands, and with a fiery glance
 Expects the hero's terrible advance.
 So, roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake 130
 Beholds the traveler approach the brake,
 When, fed with noxious herbs, his turgid veins
 Have gather'd half the poisons of the plains;
 He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,
 And his red eyeballs glare with living fire. 135
 Beneath a turret, on his shield reclin'd,
 He stood, and question'd thus his mighty mind:

"Where lies my way? to enter in the wall?
 Honor and shame th' ungen'rous thought recall:
 Shall proud Polydamas before the gate 140
 Proclaim, his counsels are obey'd too late,
 Which, timely follow'd but the former night,
 What numbers had been sav'd by Hector's flight?
 That wise advice rejected with disdain,
 I feel my folly in my people slain. 145
 Methinks my suff'ring country's voice I hear;
 But most her worthless sons insult my ear,
 On my rash courage charge the chance of war,
 And blame those virtues which they cannot share.
 No! If I e'er return, return I must 150

Glorious, my country's terror laid in dust :
 Or if I perish, let her see my fall
 In field at least, and fighting for her wall.
 And yet suppose these measures I forego,
 Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe, 155
 The warrior-shield, the helm, and lance lay down,
 And treat on terms of peace to save the town :
 The wife withheld, the treasure ill-detain'd
 (Cause of the war and grievance of the land),
 With honorable justice to restore ; 160
 And add half Ilion's yet remaining store,
 Which Troy shall, sworn, produce ; that injur'd Greece
 May share our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.
 But why this thought ? Unarm'd if I should go,
 What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe, 165
 But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow ?
 We greet not here as man conversing man,
 Met at an oak or journeying o'er a plain ;
 No season now for calm, familiar talk,
 Like youths and maidens in an ev'ning walk : 170
 War is our business, but to whom is giv'n
 To die or triumph, that determine heav'n !"
 Thus pond'ring, like a god the Greek drew nigh :
 His dreadful plumage nodded from on high ;
 The Pelian jav'lin, in his better hand, 175
 Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land ;
 And on his breast the beamy splendors shone
 Like Jove's own lightning or the rising sun.
 As Hector sees, unusual terrors rise,
 Struck by some god, he fears, recedes, and flies. 180
 He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind ;
 Achilles follows like the wingèd wind.
 Thus at the panting dove the falcon flies
 (The swiftest racer of the liquid skies),
 Just when he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey, 185

Obliquely wheeling through th' aërial way,
 With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,
 And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings:
 No less foreright the rapid chase they held,
 One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd ; 190
 Now circling round the walls their course maintain,
 Where the high watch-tow'r overlooks the plain ;
 Now where the fig trees spread their umbrage broad
 (A wider compass), smoke along the road.
 Next by Scamander's double source they bound, 195
 Where two fam'd fountains burst the parted ground :
 This, hot through scorching clefts, is seen to rise,
 With exhalations steaming to the skies ;
 That, the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,
 Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows. 200
 Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,
 Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills ;
 Where Trojan dames (e'er yet alarm'd by Greece)
 Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.
 By these they pass'd, one chasing, one in flight 205
 (The mighty fled, pursued by stronger might) ;
 Swift was the course ; no vulgar prize they play,
 No vulgar victim must reward the day
 (Such as in races crown the speedy strife) :
 The prize contended was great Hector's life. 210
 As when some hero's fun'rals are decreed,
 In grateful honor of the mighty dead,
 Where high rewards the vig'rous youth inflame
 (Some golden tripod or some lovely dame),
 The panting coursers swiftly turn the goal, 215
 And with them turns the rais'd spectator's soul :
 Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly ;
 The gazing gods lean forward from the sky :
 To whom, while eager on the chase they look,
 The sire of mortals and immortals spoke : 220

“Unworthy sight! the man belov’d of heav’n,
 Behold, inglorious round yon city driv’n!
 My heart partakes the gen’rous Hector’s pain;
 Hector, whose zeal whole hecatombs has slain,
 Whose grateful fumes the gods receiv’d with joy, 225
 From Ida’s summits and the towers of Troy:
 Now see him flying! to his fears resign’d,
 And Fate and fierce Achilles close behind.
 Consult, ye pow’rs (’tis worthy your debate)
 Whether to snatch him from impending fate, 230
 Or let him bear, by stern Pelides slain
 (Good as he is), the lot impos’d on man?”

Then Pallas thus: “Shall he whose vengeance forms
 The forky bolt, and blackens heav’n with storms,
 Shall he prolong one Trojan’s forfeit breath! 235
 A man, a mortal, pre-ordain’d to death!
 And will no murmurs fill the courts above?
 No gods indignant blame their partial Jove?”

“Go then” (return’d the sire), “without delay;
 Exert thy will: I give the fates their way.” 240
 Swift at the mandate pleas’d Tritonia flies,
 And stoops impetuous from the cleaving skies.

As through the forest, o’er the vale and lawn,
 The well-breath’d beagle drives the flying fawn:
 In vain he tries the covert of the brakes, 245
 Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes:
 Sure of the vapor in the tainted dews,
 The certain hound his various maze pursues.
 Thus step by step, where’er the Trojan wheel’d,
 There swift Achilles compass’d round the field. 250
 Oft as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,
 And hopes th’ assistance of his pitying friends
 (Whose show’ring arrows, as he cours’d below,
 From the high turrets might oppress the foe),
 So oft Achilles turns him to the plain: 255

He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.
 As men in slumbers seem with speedy pace
 One to pursue and one to lead the chase,
 Their sinking limbs the fancied course forsake,
 Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake: 260
 No less the lab'ring heroes pant and strain,
 While that but flies, and this pursues, in vain.

What god, O Muse! assisted Hector's force,
 With fate itself so long to hold the course?
 Phœbus it was: who, in his latest hour, 265
 Endued his knees with strength, his nerves with pow'r.
 And great Achilles, lest some Greek's advance
 Should snatch the glory from his lifted lance,
 Sign'd to the troops to yield his foe the way,
 And leave untouch'd the honors of the day. 270

Jove lifts the golden balances, that show
 The fates of mortal men and things below:
 Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
 And weighs, with equal hand, their destinies.
 Low sinks the scale surcharg'd with Hector's fate; 275
 Heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives the weight.

Then Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva flies
 To stern Pelides, and, triumphing, cries:
 "O lov'd of Jove! this day our labors cease,
 And conquest blazes with full beams on Greece. 280
 Great Hector falls; that Hector, fam'd so far,
 Drunk with renown, insatiable of war,
 Falls by thy hand and mine! nor force nor flight
 Shall more avail him nor his god of light.
 See, where in vain he supplicates above, 285
 Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove!
 Rest here: myself will lead the Trojan on,
 And urge to meet the fate he cannot shun."

Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind
 Obey'd, and rested, on his lance reclin'd, 290

While like Deïphobus the martial dame
 (Her face, her gesture, and her arms the same),
 In show an aid, by hapless Hector's side
 Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice belied :

“Too long, O Hector! have I borne the sight 295
 Of this distress, and sorrow'd in thy flight:
 It fits us now a noble stand to make,
 And here, as brothers, equal fates partake.”

Then he: “O prince! allied in blood and fame,
 Dearer than all that own a brother's name; 300
 Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,
 Long tried, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honor'd more!
 Since you of all our num'rous race alone
 Defend my life, regardless of your own.”

Again the goddess: “Much my father's pray'r, 305
 And much my mother's, press'd me to forbear:
 My friends embrac'd my knees, adjur'd my stay,
 But stronger love impell'd, and I obey.
 Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
 Let the steel sparkle and the jav'lin fly; 310
 Or let us stretch Achilles on the field,
 Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield.”

Fraudful she said; then swiftly march'd before;
 The Dardan hero shuns his foe no more.
 Sternly they met. The silence Hector broke; 315
 His dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke:

“Enough, O son of Peleus! 'Troy has view'd
 Her walls thrice circled, and her chief pursu'd.
 But now some god within me bids me try
 Thine or my fate: I kill thee or I die. 320
 Yet on the verge of battle let us stay,
 And for a moment's space suspend the day:
 Let heav'n's high pow'rs be call'd to arbitrate
 The just conditions of this stern debate,
 (Eternal witnesses of all below, 325

And faithful guardians of the treasur'd vow!) —
 To them I swear: if, victor in the strife,
 Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life,
 No vile dishonor shall thy corse pursue;
 Stripp'd of its arms alone (the conqu'ror's due), 330
 The rest to Greece uninjur'd I'll restore:
 Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more."

"Talk not of oaths" (the dreadful chief replies,
 While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes),
 "Detested as thou art and ought to be, 335
 Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee;
 Such pacts as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
 Such leagues as men and furious lions join,
 To such I call the gods! one constant state
 Of lasting rancor and eternal hate: 340
 No thought but rage and never-ceasing strife,
 Till death extinguish rage, and thought, and life.
 Rouse then thy forces this important hour,
 Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy pow'r.
 No farther subterfuge, no farther chance; 345
 'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.
 Each Grecian ghost by thee depriv'd of breath,
 Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death."

He spoke, and launch'd his jav'lin at the foe;
 But Hector shunn'd the meditated blow; 350
 He stoop'd, while o'er his head the flying spear
 Sung innocent, and spent its force in air.
 Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
 Then drew, and gave to great Achilles hand,
 Unseen of Hector, who, elate with joy, 355
 Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread of Troy.

"The life you boasted to that jav'lin giv'n,
 Prince! you have miss'd. My fate depends on heav'n.
 To thee (presumptuous as thou art) unknown
 Or what must prove my fortune or thy own. 360

Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,
 And with false terrors sink another's mind.
 But know, whatever fate I am to try,
 By no dishonest wound shall Hector die;
 I shall not fall a fugitive at least, 365
 My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.
 But first, try thou my arm; and may this dart
 End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart!"

The weapon flew, its course unerring held;
 Unerring, but the heav'nly shield repell'd 370
 The mortal dart; resulting with a bound
 From off the ringing orb, it struck the ground.
 Hector beheld his jav'lin fall in vain,
 Nor other lance nor other hope remain;
 He calls Deïphobus, demands a spear, 375
 In vain, for no Deïphobus was there.
 All comfortless he stands: then with a sigh:
 "'Tis so — heaven wills it, and my hour is nigh!
 I deem'd Deïphobus had heard my call,
 But he secure lies guarded in the wall. 380
 A god deceiv'd me; Pallas, 'twas thy deed.
 Death and black fate approach! 'Tis I must bleed.
 No refuge now, no succor from above,
 Great Jove deserts me and the son of Jove,
 Propitious once and kind! Then welcome fate! 385
 'Tis true I perish, yet I perish great:
 Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,
 Let future ages hear it, and admire!"

Fierce, at the word, his weighty sword he drew,
 And, all collected, on Achilles flew. 390
 So Jove's bold bird, high-balance'd in the air,
 Stoops from the clouds to truss the quiv'ring hare.
 Nor less Achilles his fierce soul prepares;
 Before his breast the flaming shield he bears,
 Refulgent orb! Above his fourfold cone 395

The gilded horsehair sparkled in the sun,
 Nodding at ev'ry step (Vulcanian frame!);
 And as he mov'd, his figure seem'd on flame.
 As radiant Hesper shines with keener light,
 Far-beaming o'er the silver host of night 400
 When all the starry train emblaze the sphere,
 So shone the point of great Achilles' spear.
 In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
 Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound;
 But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore, 405
 Securely cas'd the warrior's body o'er.
 One place at length he spies, to let in fate,
 Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
 Gave entrance: through that penetrable part
 Furious he drove the well-directed dart: 410
 Nor pierc'd the windpipe yet, nor took the pow'r
 Of speech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
 Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,
 While thus, triumphing, stern Achilles cries:
 "At last is Hector stretch'd upon the plain, 415
 Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus slain:
 Then, prince! you should have fear'd what now you feel;
 Achilles absent was Achilles still.
 Yet a short space the great avenger stay'd,
 Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid. 420
 Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
 For ever honor'd and for ever mourn'd;
 While, cast to all the rage of hostile pow'r,
 Thee birds shall mangle and the dogs devour."
 Then Hector, fainting at th' approach of death: 425
 "By thy own soul! by those who gave thee breath!
 By all the sacred prevalence of pray'r;
 Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!
 The common rites of sepulture bestow,
 To soothe a father's and a mother's woe; 430

Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,
And Hector's ashes in his country rest."

"No, wretch accurs'd!" relentless he replies
(Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes),
"Not those who gave me breath should bid me spare, 435
Nor all the sacred prevalence of pray'r,
Could I myself the bloody banquet join!
No, to the dogs that carcass I resign.
Should Troy to bribe me bring forth all her store,
And, giving thousands, offer thousands more; 440
Should Dardan Priam and his weeping dame
Drain their whole realm to buy one fun'ral flame;
Their Hector on the pile they should not see,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee."

Then thus the chief his dying accents drew: 445
"Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew:
The Furies that relentless breast have steel'd,
And curs'd thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a day will come, when fate's decree
And angry gods shall wreak this wrong on thee; 450
Phœbus and Paris shall avenge my fate,
And stretch thee here, before this Scæan gate."

He ceas'd. The fates suppress'd his lab'ring breath,
And his eyes 'stiffen'd at the hand of death;
To the dark realm the spirit wings its way 455
(The manly body left a load of clay),
And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,
A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghost!

Achilles, musing as he roll'd his eyes
O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard) replies: 460
"Die thou the first! when Jove and heav'n ordain,
I follow thee." — He said, and stripp'd the slain.
Then, forcing backward from the gaping wound
The reeking jav'lin, cast it on the ground.
The thronging Greeks behold with wond'ring eyes 465

His manly beauty and superior size :
 While some, ignobler, the great dead deface
 With wounds ungen'rous or with taunts disgrace :
 "How chang'd that Hector who, like Jove, of late
 Sent lightning on our fleets and scatter'd fate !" 470

High o'er the slain the great Achilles stands,
 Begirt with heroes and surrounding bands ;
 And thus aloud, while all the host attends :
 "Princes and leaders ! countrymen and friends !
 Since now at length the pow'rful will of heav'n 475

The dire destroyer to our arm has giv'n,
 Is not Troy fall'n already ? Haste, ye pow'rs !
 See if already their deserted tow'rs
 Are left unmann'd ; or if they yet retain
 The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain. 480

But what is Troy, or glory what to me ?
 Or why reflect my mind on aught but thee,
 Divine Patroclus ! Death has seal'd his eyes :
 Unwept, unhonor'd, uninterr'd he lies !
 Can his dear image from my soul depart, 485

Long as the vital spirit moves my heart ?
 If, in the melancholy shades below,
 The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,
 Yet mine shall sacred last ; mine, undecay'd,
 Burn on through death and animate my shade. 490

Meanwhile, ye sons of Greece ! in triumph bring
 The corpse of Hector, and your Pæans sing.
 Be this the song, slow moving tow'rd the shore,
 'Hector is dead and Ilion is no more.' "

Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred 495
 (Unworthy of himself and of the dead) :
 The nervous ankles bor'd, his feet he bound
 With thongs inserted through the double wound ;
 These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
 His graceful head was trail'd along the plain. 500

Proud on his car th' insulting victor stood,
 And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.
 He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;
 The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.
 Now lost is all that formidable air; 505
 The face divine and long-descending hair
 Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand;
 Deform'd, dishonor'd, in his native land!
 Giv'n to the rage of an insulting throng!
 And, in his parents' sight, now dragg'd along! 510
 The mother first beheld with sad survey;
 She rent her tresses, venerably gray,
 And cast far off the regal veils away.
 With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans,
 While the sad father answers groans with groans; 515
 Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
 And the whole city wears one face of woe:
 No less than if the rage of hostile fires,
 From her foundations curling to her spires,
 O'er the proud citadel at length should rise, 520
 And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies.
 The wretched monarch of the falling state,
 Distracted, presses to the Dardan gate.
 Scarce the whole people stop his desp'rate course,
 While strong affliction gives the feeble force: 525
 Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro
 In all the raging impotence of woe.
 At length he roll'd in dust, and thus begun,
 Imploring all, and naming one by one:
 "Ah! let me, let me go where sorrow calls; 530
 I, only I, will issue from your walls
 (Guide or companion, friends! I ask ye none),
 And bow before the murd'rer of my son.
 My grief perhaps his pity may engage;
 Perhaps at least he may respect my age. 535

He has a father too ; a man like me ;
 One not exempt from age and misery
 (Vig'rous no more, as when his young embrace
 Begot his pest of me and all my race).
 How many valiant sons, in early bloom, 540
 Has that curs'd hand sent headlong to the tomb !
 Thee, Hector ! last : thy loss (divinely brave !)
 Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.
 Oh had thy gentle spirit pass'd in peace,
 The son expiring in the sire's embrace, 545
 While both thy parents wept thy fatal hour,
 And, bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender show'r !
 Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,
 To melt in full satiety of grief ! "

Thus wail'd the father, grov'ling on the ground, 550
 And all the eyes of Ilion stream'd around.

Amidst her matrons Hecuba appears
 (A mourning princess, and a train in tears):
 " Ah ! why has heaven prolong'd this hated breath,
 Patient of horrors, to behold thy death ? 555
 O Hector ! late thy parents' pride and joy,
 The boast of nations ! the defense of Troy !
 To whom her safety and her fame she ow'd,
 Her chief, her hero, and almost her god !
 O fatal change ! become in one sad day 560
 A senseless corpse ! inanimated clay ! "

But not as yet the fatal news had spread
 To fair Andromache, of Hector dead ;
 As yet no messenger had told his fate,
 Nor ev'n his stay without the Scæan gate. 565
 Far in the close recesses of the dome
 Pensive she plied the melancholy loom ;
 A growing work employ'd her secret hours,
 Confus'dly gay with intermingled flow'rs.
 Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn, 570

The bath preparing for her lord's return :
 In vain ; alas ! her lord returns no more !
 Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the shore !
 Now from the walls the clamors reach her ear,
 And all her members shake with sudden fear ; 575
 Forth from her iv'ry hand the shuttle falls,
 As thus, astonish'd, to her maids she calls :

“ Ah, follow me ! ” (she cried) “ what plaintive noise
 Invades my ear ? ’Tis sure my mother's voice.
 My falt'ring knees their trembling frame desert, 580
 A pulse unusual flutters at my heart.
 Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate
 (Ye gods avert it !) threatens the Trojan state.
 Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest !
 But much I fear my Hector's dauntless breast 585
 Confronts Achilles ; chas'd along the plain,
 Shut from our walls ! I fear, I fear him slain !
 Safe in the crowd he ever scorn'd to wait,
 And sought for glory in the jaws of fate :
 Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath, 590
 Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death.”

She spoke ; and, furious, with distracted pace,
 Fears in her heart and anguish in her face,
 Flies through the dome (the maids her step pursue),
 And mounts the walls, and sends around her view. 595
 Too soon her eyes the killing object found,
 The godlike Hector dragg'd along the ground.
 A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes :
 She faints, she falls ; her breath, her color flies.
 Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound, 600
 The net that held them, and the wreath that crown'd,
 The veil and diadem flew far away
 (The gift of Venus on her bridal day).
 Around a train of weeping sisters stands,
 To raise her sinking with assistant hands. 605

Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again
She faints, or but recovers to complain :

“ O wretched husband of a wretched wife !
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life !
For sure one star its baneful beam display'd 610
On Priam's roof and Hippoplacia's shade.
From diff'rent parents, diff'rent climes, we came,
At diff'rent periods, yet our fate the same !
Why was my birth to great Eëtion ow'd,
And why was all that tender care bestow'd ? 615
Would I had never been ! — O thou, the ghost
Of my dead husband ! miserably lost !
Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone !
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone !
An only child, once comfort of my pains, 620
Sad product now of hapless love, remains !
No more to smile upon his sire ! no friend
To help him now ! no father to defend !
For should he 'scape the sword, the common doom,
What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come ! 625
Ev'n from his own paternal roof expell'd,
Some stranger plows his patrimonial field.
The day that to the shades the father sends,
Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends :
He, wretched outcast of mankind ! appears 630
For ever sad, for ever bath'd in tears ;
Amongst the happy, unregarded he
Hangs on the robe or trembles at the knee ;
While those his father's former bounty fed
Nor reach the goblet nor divide the bread : 635
The kindest but his present wants allay,
To leave him wretched the succeeding day.
Frugal compassion ! Heedless, they who boast
Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost,
Shall cry, ' Begone ! thy father feasts not here : ' 640

The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
 Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
 To my sad soul Astyanax appears !
 Fore'd by repeated insults to return,
 And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn. 645
 He who, with tender delicacy bred,
 With princes sported and on dainties fed,
 And, when still ev'ning gave him up to rest,
 Sunk soft in down upon the nurse's breast,
 Must — ah ! what must he not ? Whom Ilion calls 650
 Astyanax, from her well-guarded walls,
 Is now that name no more, unhappy boy !
 Since now no more the father guards his Troy.
 But thou, my Hector ! li'st expos'd in air,
 Far from thy parents' and thy consort's care, 655
 Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,
 The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.
 Now to devouring flames be these a prey,
 Useless to thee, from this accursed day !
 Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid, 660
 And honor to the living, not the dead !”

So spake the mournful dame : her matrons hear,
 Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear with tear.

BOOK XXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE REDEMPTION OF THE BODY OF HECTOR.

The gods deliberate about the redemption of Hector's body. Jupiter sends Thetis to Achilles to dispose him for the restoring it, and Iris to Priam to encourage him to go in person and treat for it. The old king, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an omen from Jupiter. He sets forth in his chariot, with a wagon loaded with presents, under the charge of Idæus the herald. Mercury descends in the shape

of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of Achilles. Their conversation on the way. Priam finds Achilles at his table, casts himself at his feet, and begs for the body of his son: Achilles, moved with compassion, grants his request, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning sends him home with the body: the Trojans run out to meet him. The lamentation of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen, with the solemnities of the funeral.

The time of twelve days is employed in this book, while the body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles. And as many more are spent in the truce allowed for his interment. The scene is partly in Achilles' camp, and partly in Troy.

Now from the finish'd games the Grecian band
 Seek their black ships, and clear the crowded strand:
 All stretch'd at ease the genial banquet share,
 And pleasing slumbers quiet all their care.
 Not so Achilles: he, to grief resign'd, 5
 His friend's dear image present to his mind,
 Takes his sad couch, more unobserv'd to weep,
 Nor tastes the gifts of all-composing sleep.
 Restless he roll'd around his weary bed,
 And all his soul on his Patroclus fed: 10
 The form so pleasing and the heart so kind,
 That youthful vigor and that manly mind,
 What toils they shar'd, what martial works they wrought,
 What seas they measur'd and what fields they fought;—
 All pass'd before him in remembrance dear: 15
 Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear.
 And now supine, now prone, the hero lay;
 Now shifts his side, impatient for the day;
 Then starting up, disconsolate he goes
 Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes. 20
 There as the solitary mourner raves,
 The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves:
 Soon as it rose, his furious steeds he join'd;
 The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind.
 And thrice, Patroclus! round thy monument 25

Was Hector dragg'd, then hurried to the tent.
 There sleep at last o'ercomes the hero's eyes;
 While foul in dust th' unhonor'd carcass lies,
 But not deserted by the pitying skies.
 For Phœbus watch'd it with superior care; 30
 Preserv'd from gaping wounds and tainting air;
 And, ignominious as it swept the field,
 Spread o'er the sacred corse his golden shield.
 All heav'n was mov'd, and Hermes will'd to go
 By stealth to snatch him from th' insulting foe: 35
 But Neptune this and Pallas this denies,
 And th' unrelenting empress of the skies:
 E'er since that day implacable to Troy,
 What time young Paris, simple shepherd boy,
 Won by destructive lust (reward obscene), 40
 Their charms rejected for the Cyprian queen.
 But when the tenth celestial morning broke,
 To heav'n assembled, thus Apollo spoke:
 "Unpitying pow'rs! how oft each holy fane
 Has Hector ting'd with blood of victims slain! 45
 And can ye still his cold remains pursue?
 Still grudge his body to the Trojans' view?
 Deny to consort, mother, son, and sire,
 The last sad honors of a fun'ral fire?
 Is then the dire Achilles all your care? 50
 That iron heart, inflexibly severe;
 A lion, not a man, who slaughters wide
 In strength of rage and impotence of pride?
 Who hastes to murder with a savage joy;
 Invades around, and breathes but to destroy? 55
 Shame is not of his soul; nor understood
 The greatest evil and the greatest good.
 Still for one loss he rages unresign'd,
 Repugnant to the lot of all mankind;
 To lose a friend, a brother, or a son, 60

Heav'n dooms each mortal, and its will is done :
 Awhile they sorrow, then dismiss their care ;
 Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.
 But this insatiate the commission giv'n
 By fate exceeds, and tempts the wrath of heav'n : 65
 Lo how his rage dishonest drags along
 Hector's dead earth, insensible of wrong !
 Brave though he be, yet by no reason aw'd,
 He violates the laws of man and God."

"If equal honors by the partial skies 70
 Are doom'd both heroes," Juno thus replies ;
 "If Thetis' son must no distinction know,
 Then hear, ye gods ! the patron of the bow.
 But Hector only boasts a mortal claim,
 His birth deriving from a mortal dame : 75
 Achilles, of your own ethereal race,
 Springs from a goddess by a man's embrace
 (A goddess by ourself to Peleus giv'n,
 A man divine, and chosen friend of heav'n):
 To grace those nuptials, from the bright abode 80
 Yourselves were present ; where this minstrel-god
 (Well-pleas'd to share the feast) amid the quire
 Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre."

Then thus the Thund'rer checks th' imperial dame :
 "Let not thy wrath the court of heav'n inflame ; 85
 Their merits nor their honors are the same.
 But mine and ev'ry god's peculiar grace
 Hector deserves, of all the Trojan race :
 Still on our shrines his grateful off'rings lay
 (The only honors men to gods can pay) : 90
 Nor ever from our smoking altar ceas'd
 The pure libation and the holy feast.
 Howe'er, by stealth to snatch the corse away
 We will not : Thetis guards it night and day.
 But haste, and summon to our courts above 95

The azure queen; let her persuasion move
 Her furious son from Priam to receive
 The proffer'd ransom, and the corse to leave."

He added not: and Iris from the skies
 Swift as a whirlwind on the message flies; 100
 Meteorous the face of ocean sweeps,
 Refulgent gliding o'er the sable deeps.

Between where Samos wide his forests spreads,
 And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads,
 Down plung'd the maid (the parted waves resound); 105
 She plung'd, and instant shot the dark profound.

As, bearing death in the fallacious bait,
 From the bent angle sinks the leaden weight;
 So pass'd the goddess through the closing wave
 Where Thetis sorrow'd in her secret cave: 110

There plac'd amidst her melancholy train
 (The blue-hair'd sisters of the sacred main),
 Pensive she sate, revolving fates to come,
 And wept her godlike son's approaching doom.

Then thus the goddess of the painted bow: 115
 "Arise, O Thetis! from thy seats below;
 'Tis Jove that calls." "And why," the dame replies,
 "Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated skies?

Sad object as I am for heav'nly sight!
 Ah! may my sorrows ever shun the light! 120
 Howe'er, be heav'n's almighty sire obey'd."
 She spake, and veil'd her head in sable shade,
 Which, flowing long, her graceful person clad;
 And forth she pac'd majestically sad.

Then through the world of waters they repair 125
 (The way fair Iris led) to upper air.
 The deeps dividing, o'er the coast they rise,
 And touch with momentary flight the skies.
 There in the lightning's blaze the sire they found,
 And all the gods in shining synod round. 130

Thetis approach'd with anguish in her face
 (Minerva rising gave the mourner place);
 E'en Juno sought her sorrows to console,
 And offer'd from her hand the nectar bowl:
 She tasted, and resign'd it: then began 135
 The sacred sire of gods and mortal man:

“Thou com'st, fair Thetis, but with grief o'ercast,
 Maternal sorrows, long, ah long to last!
 Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares;
 But yield to fate, and hear what Jove declares. 140
 Nine days are past since all the court above
 In Hector's cause have mov'd the ear of Jove;
 'Twas voted Hermes from his godlike foe
 By stealth should bear him, but we will'd not so:
 We will thy son himself the corse restore, 145
 And to his conquest add this glory more.
 Then hie thee to him and our mandate bear;
 Tell him he tempts the wrath of heav'n too far:
 Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)
 Vent his mad vengeance on the sacred dead: 150
 But yield to ransom and the father's pray'r.
 The mournful father Iris shall prepare
 With gifts to sue; and offer to his hands
 Whate'er his honor asks or heart demands.”

His word the silver-footed queen attends, 155
 And from Olympus' snowy tops descends.
 Arriv'd, she heard the voice of loud lament,
 And echoing groans that shook the lofty tent.
 His friends prepare the victim, and dispose
 Repast unheeded, while he vents his woes. 160
 The goddess seats her by her pensive son:
 She press'd his hand, and tender thus begun:

“How long, unhappy! shall thy sorrows flow,
 And thy heart waste with life-consuming woe,
 Mindless of food or love, whose pleasing reign 165

Soothes weary life and softens human pain ?
 Oh snatch the moments yet within thy pow'r ;
 Not long to live, indulge the am'rous hour !
 Lo ! Jove himself (for Jove's command I bear)
 Forbids to tempt the wrath of heav'n too far. 170
 No longer then (his fury if thou dread)
 Detain the relics of great Hector dead ;
 Nor vent on senseless earth thy vengeance vain,
 But yield to ransom and restore the slain."

To whom Achilles : " Be the ransom giv'n, 175
 And we submit ; since such the will of heav'n."

While thus they commun'd, from th' Olympian bow'rs
 Jove orders Iris to the Trojan tow'rs :
 " Haste, wingèd goddess ! to the sacred town,
 And urge her monarch to redeem his son ; 180
 Alone, the Ilian ramparts let him leave,
 And bear what stern Achilles may receive :
 Alone, for so we will : no Trojan near ;
 Except, to place the dead with decent care,
 Some aged herald who, with gentle hand, 185
 May the slow mules and fun'ral car command.
 Nor let him death nor let him danger dread,
 Safe through the foe by our protection led :
 Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey,
 Guard of his life and partner of his way. 190
 Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
 His age, nor touch one venerable hair :
 Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,
 Some sense of duty, some desire to save."

Then down her bow the wingèd Iris drives, 195
 And swift at Priam's mournful court arrives ;
 Where the sad sons beside their father's throne
 Sate bath'd in tears, and answer'd groan with groan.
 And all amidst them lay the hoary sire
 (Sad scene of woe!) : his face his wrapp'd attire 200

Conceal'd from sight; with frantic hands he spread
 A show'r of ashes o'er his neck and head.
 From room to room his pensive daughters roam,
 Whose shrieks and clamors fill the vaulted dome;
 Mindful of those who, late their pride and joy, . 205
 Lie pale and breathless round the fields of Troy!
 Before the king Jove's messenger appears,
 And thus in whispers greets his trembling ears:
 "Fear not, O father! no ill news I bear;
 From Jove I come, Jove makes thee still his care; 210
 For Hector's sake these walls he bids thee leave,
 And bear what stern Achilles may receive:
 Alone, for so he wills: no Trojan near,
 Except, to place the dead with decent care,
 Some aged herald, who with gentle hand 215
 May the slow mules and fun'ral car command.
 Nor shalt thou death nor shalt thou danger dread;
 Safe through the foe by his protection led:
 Thee Hermes to Pelides shall convey,
 Guard of thy life and partner of thy way. 220
 Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
 Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair:
 Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,
 Some sense of duty, some desire to save."
 She spoke, and vanish'd. Priam bids prepare 225
 His gentle mules, and harness to the car;
 There, for the gifts, a polish'd casket lay:
 His pious sons the king's commands obey.
 Then pass'd the monarch to his bridal-room,
 Where cedar beams the lofty roofs perfume, 230
 And where the treasures of his empire lay;
 Then call'd his queen, and thus began to say:
 "Unhappy consort of a king distress'd!
 Partake the troubles of thy husband's breast:
 I saw descend the messenger of Jove, 235

Who bids me try Achilles' mind to move,
 Forsake these ramparts, and with gifts obtain
 The corse of Hector at yon navy slain.
 Tell me thy thought: my heart impels to go
 Through hostile camps, and bears me to the foe." 240

The hoary monarch thus: her piercing cries
 Sad Hecuba renews, and then replies:
 "Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind;
 And where the prudence now that aw'd mankind,
 Through Phrygia once, and foreign regions known, 245
 Now all confus'd, distracted, overthrown?
 Singly to pass through hosts of foes! to face
 (O heart of steel!) the murd'rer of thy race!
 To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er
 Those hands, yet red with Hector's noble gore! 250
 Alas! my lord! he knows not how to spare,
 And what his mercy, thy slain sons declare;
 So brave, so many fall'n! to calm his rage
 Vain were thy dignity and vain thy age.
 No! — pent in this sad palace, let us give 255
 To grief the wretched days we have to live.
 Still, still for Hector let our sorrows flow,
 Born to his own and to his parents' woe!
 Doom'd from the hour his luckless life begun
 To dogs, to vultures, and to Peleus' son! 260
 Oh! in his dearest blood might I allay
 My rage, and these barbarities repay!
 For ah! could Hector merit thus? whose breath
 Expir'd not meanly in inactive death:
 He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight, 265
 And fell a hero in his country's right."

"Seek not to stay me, nor my soul affright
 With words of omen, like a bird of night"
 (Replied unmov'd the venerable man):
 "'Tis heav'n commands me, and you urge in vain. 270

Had any mortal voice th' injunction laid,
 Nor augur, priest, nor seer had been obey'd.
 A present goddess brought the high command :
 I saw, I heard her, and the word shall stand.
 I go, ye gods ! obedient to your call : 275

If in yon camp your pow'rs have doom'd my fall,
 Content : by the same hand let me expire !
 Add to the slaughter'd son the wretched sire !
 One cold embrace at least may be allow'd,
 And my last tears flow mingled with his blood ! " 280

Forth from his open'd stores, this said, he drew
 Twelve costly carpets of refulgent hue ;
 As many vests, as many mantles told,
 And twelve fair veils, and garments stiff with gold ;
 Two tripods next, and twice two chargers shine, 285
 With ten pure talents from the richest mine ;
 And last a large, well-labor'd bowl had place
 (The pledge of treaties once with friendly Thrace) :
 Seem'd all too mean the stores he could employ,
 For one last look to buy him back to Troy ! 290

Lo ! the sad father, frantic with his pain,
 Around him furious drives his menial train :
 In vain each slave with duteous care attends,
 Each office hurts him and each face offends.

" What make ye here, officious crowds ! " (he cries) 295

" Hence, nor obtrude your anguish on my eyes.

Have ye no griefs at home to fix ye there ?

Am I the only object of despair ?

Am I become my people's common show,

Set up by Jove your spectacle of woe ? 300

No, you must feel him too : yourselves must fall ;

The same stern god to ruin gives you all.

Nor is great Hector lost by me alone :

Your sole defense, your guardian pow'r is gone !

I see your blood the fields of Phrygia drown ; 305

I see the ruins of your smoking town!
 Oh send me, gods, ere that sad day shall come,
 A willing ghost to Pluto's dreary dome!"

He said, and feebly drives his friends away:
 The sorrowing friends his frantic rage obey. 310
 Next on his sons his erring fury falls,
 Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls;
 His threats Deïphobus and Dius hear,
 Hippothoüs, Pammon, Helenus the seer,
 And gen'rous Antiphon; for yet these nine 315
 Surviv'd, sad relics of his numerous line:

"Inglorious sons of an unhappy sire!
 Why did not all in Hector's cause expire?
 Wretch that I am! my bravest offspring slain,
 You, the disgrace of Priam's house, remain! 320
 Mestor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,
 With Troilus, dreadful on his rushing car,
 And last great Hector, more than man divine,
 For sure he seem'd not of terrestrial line! —
 All those relentless Mars untimely slew, 325
 And left me these, a soft and servile crew,
 Whose days the feast and wanton dance employ,
 Gluttons and flatt'ers, the contempt of Troy!
 Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,
 And speed my journey to redeem my son?" 330

The sons their father's wretched age revere,
 Forgive his anger, and produce the car.
 High on the seat the cabinet they bind;
 The new-made car with solid beauty shin'd:
 Box was the yoke, emboss'd with costly pains, 335
 And hung with ringlets to receive the reins:
 Nine cubits long, the traces swept the ground;
 These to the chariot's polish'd pole they bound,
 Then fix'd a ring the running reins to guide,
 And close beneath the gather'd ends were tied. 340

Next with the gifts (the price of Hector slain)
 The sad attendants load the groaning wain :
 Last to the yoke the well-match'd mules they bring
 (The gift of Mysia to the Trojan king) ;
 But the fair horses, long his darling care, 345
 Himself receiv'd, and harness'd to his car :
 Griev'd as he was, he not this task denied ;
 The hoary herald help'd him at his side.
 While careful these the gentle coursers join'd,
 Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind ; 350
 A golden bowl that foam'd with fragrant wine
 (Libation destin'd to the power divine)
 Held in her right, before the steeds she stands,
 And thus consigns it to the monarch's hands :

"Take this, and pour to Jove; that, safe from harms, 355
 His grace restore thee to our roof and arms.
 Since, victor of thy fears, and slighting mine,
 Heav'n or thy soul inspire this bold design :
 Pray to that god, who, high on Ida's brow,
 Surveys thy desolated realms below, 360
 His winged messenger to send from high,
 And lead the way with heav'nly augury :
 Let the strong sov'reign of the plummy race
 Tow'r on the right of yon ethereal space.
 That sign beheld, and strengthen'd from above, 365
 Boldly pursue the journey mark'd by Jove ;
 But if the god his augury denies,
 Suppress thy impulse, nor reject advice."

"'Tis just," said Priam, " to the Sire above
 To raise our hands; for who so good as Jove ? " 370

He spoke, and bade th' attendant handmaid bring
 The purest water of the living spring
 (Her ready hands the ewer and bason held) ;
 Then took the golden cup his queen had fill'd ;
 On the mid pavement pours the rosy wine, 375

Uplifts his eyes, and calls the power divine :

“O first and greatest ! heav’n’s imperial lord !
On lofty Ida’s holy hill ador’d !

To stern Achilles now direct my ways,
And teach him mercy when a father prays. 380
If such thy will, dispatch from yonder sky
Thy sacred bird, celestial augury !

Let the strong sov’reign of the plummy race
Tow’r on the right of yon ethereal space :
So shall thy suppliant, strengthen’d from above, 385
Fearless pursue the journey mark’d by Jove.”

Jove heard his pray’r, and from the throne on high
Dispatch’d his bird, celestial augury !

The swift-wing’d chaser of the feather’d game,
And known to gods by Percnos’ lofty name. 390

Wide as appears some palace gate display’d,
So broad his pinions stretch’d their ample shade,
As, stooping dexter with resounding wings,
Th’ imperial bird descends in airy rings.

A dawn of joy in ev’ry face appears ; 395

The mourning matron dries her tim’rous tears.
Swift on his car th’ impatient monarch sprung ;
The brazen portal in his passage rung.

The mules, preceding, draw the loaded wain,
Charg’d with the gifts ; Idæus holds the rein : 400

The king himself his gentle steeds controls,
And through surrounding friends the chariot rolls.

On his slow wheels the following people wait,
Mourn at each step, and give him up to fate ;
With hands uplifted, eye him as he pass’d, 405
And gaze upon him as they gaz’d their last.

Now forward fares the father on his way
Through the lone fields, and back to Ilion they.
Great Jove beheld him as he cross’d the plain,
And felt the wces of miserable man. 410

Then thus to Hermes : " Thou, whose constant cares
 Still succor mortals, and attend their pray'rs !
 Behold an object to thy charge consign'd ;
 If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind,
 Go, guard the sire ; th' observing foe prevent, 415
 And safe conduct him to Achilles' tent."

The god obeys, his golden pinions binds,
 And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,
 That high through fields of air his flight sustain
 O'er the wide earth and o'er the boundless main ; 420
 Then grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
 Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye :
 Thus arm'd, swift Hermes steers his airy way,
 And stoops on Hellespont's resounding sea.
 A beauteous youth, majestic and divine, 425
 He seem'd ; fair offspring of some princely line !
 Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,
 And clad the dusky fields in sober gray ;
 What time the herald and the hoary king,
 Their chariot stopping at the silver spring, 430
 That circling Ilus' ancient marble flows,
 Allow'd their mules and steeds a short repose.
 Through the dim shade the herald first espies
 A man's approach, and thus to Priam cries :
 " I mark some foe's advance : O king ! beware ; 435
 This hard adventure claims thy utmost care ;
 For much I fear destruction hovers nigh.
 Our state asks counsel. Is it best to fly ?
 Or, old and helpless, at his feet to fall
 (Two wretched suppliants), and for mercy call ? " 440

Th' afflicted monarch shiver'd with despair ;
 Pale grew his face and upright stood his hair ;
 Sunk was his heart ; his color went and came ;
 A sudden trembling shook his aged frame ;
 When Hermes, greeting, touch'd his royal hand, 445

And, gentle, thus accosts with kind demand :

“ Say whither, father ! when each mortal sight
Is seal’d in sleep, thou wander’st through the night ?
Why roam thy mules and steeds the plains along
Through Grecian foes so num’rous and so strong ? 450
What couldst thou hope, shouldst these thy treasures view,
These, who with endless hate thy race pursue ?
For what defense, alas ! couldst thou provide,
Thyself not young, a weak old man thy guide ?
Yet suffer not thy soul to sink with dread ; 455
From me no harm shall touch thy rev’rend head ;
From Greece I’ll guard thee too ; for in those lines
The living image of my father shines.”

“ Thy words, that speak benevolence of mind,
Are true, my son ! ” the godlike sire rejoin’d. 460
“ Great are my hazards ; but the gods survey
My steps and send thee, guardian of my way.
Hail ! and be blest ! for scarce of mortal kind
Appear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind.”

“ Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide,” 465
The sacred messenger of heav’n replied ;
“ But say, convey’st thou through the lonely plains
What yet most precious of thy store remains,
To lodge in safety with some friendly hand,
Prepar’d perchance to leave thy native land ? 470
Or fly’st thou now ? What hopes can Troy retain,
Thy matchless son, her guard and glory, slain ? ”

The king, alarm’d : “ Say what, and whence thou art,
Who search the sorrows of a parent’s heart,
And know so well how godlike Hector died ? ” 475
Thus Priam spoke, and Hermes thus replied :

“ You tempt me, father, and with pity touch :
On this sad subject you inquire too much.
Oft have these eyes the godlike Hector view’d
In glorious fight, with Grecian blood imbru’d : 480

I saw him, when, like Jove, his flames he toss'd
 On thousand ships, and wither'd half a host:
 I saw, but help'd not; stern Achilles' ire
 Forbade assistance, and enjoy'd the fire.
 For him I serve, of Myrmidonian race; 485
 One ship convey'd us from our native place;
 Polyctor is my sire, an honor'd name,
 Old, like thyself, and not unknown to fame;
 Of seven his sons, by whom the lot was cast
 To serve our prince, it fell on me the last. 490
 To watch this quarter my adventure falls;
 For with the morn the Greeks attack your walls:
 Sleepless they sit, impatient to engage,
 And scarce their rulers check their martial rage."
 "If then thou art of stern Pelides' train" 495
 (The mournful monarch thus rejoin'd again),
 "Ah, tell me truly, where, oh! where are laid
 My son's dear relics? what befalls him dead?
 Have dogs dismember'd on the naked plains,
 Or yet unmangled rest his cold remains?" 500
 "O favor'd of the skies!" (thus answer'd then
 The pow'r that mediates between gods and men) —
 "Nor dogs nor vultures have thy Hector rent;
 But whole he lies, neglected in the tent:
 This the twelfth evening since he rested there, 505
 Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.
 Still as Aurora's ruddy beam is spread,
 Round his friend's tomb Achilles drags the dead;
 Yet undisfigur'd, or in limb or face,
 All fresh he lies, with ev'ry living grace, 510
 Majestical in death! No stains are found
 O'er all the corse, and clos'd is ev'ry wound;
 Though many a wound they gave. Some heav'nly care,
 Some hand divine, preserves him ever fair:
 Or all the host of heav'n, to whom he led 515

A life so grateful, still regard him dead."

Thus spoke to Priam the celestial guide,
And joyful thus the royal sire replied:
"Bless'd is the man who pays the gods above
The constant tribute of respect and love! 520
Those who inhabit the Olympian bow'r
My son forgot not, in exalted pow'r;
And Heav'n, that ev'ry virtue bears in mind,
Ev'n to the ashes of the just is kind.
But thou, O gen'rous youth! this goblet take, 525
A pledge of gratitude for Hector's sake;
And while the fav'ring gods our steps survey,
Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way."

To whom the latent god: "O king, forbear
To tempt my youth! for apt is youth to err: 530
But can I, absent from my prince's sight,
Take gifts in secret, that must shun the light?
What from our master's int'rest thus we draw,
Is but a licens'd theft that 'scapes the law.
Respecting him, my soul abjures th' offense; 535
And as the crime I dread the consequence.
Thee, far as Argos, pleas'd I could convey;
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way:
On thee attend, thy safety to maintain
O'er pathless forests or the roaring main." 540

He said; then took the chariot at a bound,
And snatch'd the reins and whirl'd the lash around:
Before th' inspiring god that urged them on
The coursers fly, with spirit not their own.
And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found 545
The guards repasting, while the bowls go round:
On these the virtue of his wand he tries,
And pours deep slumber on their watchful eyes;
Then heav'd the massy gates, remov'd the bars,
And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars. 550

Unseen, through all the hostile camp they went,
 And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.
 Of fir the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
 With reeds collected from the marshy shore,
 And fenc'd with palisades, a hall of state 555
 (The work of soldiers), where the hero sate.
 Large was the door, whose well-compacted strength
 A solid pine-tree barr'd of wondrous length;
 Scarce three strong Greeks could lift its mighty weight,
 But great Achilles singly clos'd the gate. 560
 This Hermes (such the pow'r of gods) set wide;
 Then swift alighted the celestial guide,
 And thus, reveal'd: "Hear, prince! and understand
 Thou ow'st thy guidance to no mortal hand:
 Hermes I am, descended from above 565
 The king of arts, the messenger of Jove.
 Farewell: to shun Achilles' sight I fly;
 Uncommon are such favors of the sky,
 Nor stand confess'd to frail mortality.
 Now fearless enter and prefer thy pray'rs; 570
 Adjure him by his father's silver hairs,
 His son, his mother! urge him to bestow
 Whatever pity that stern heart can know."
 Thus having said, he vanish'd from his eyes,
 And in a moment shot into the skies: 575
 The king, confirm'd from heav'n, alighted there,
 And left his aged herald on the car.
 With solemn pace through various rooms he went,
 And found Achilles in his inner tent:
 There sat the hero; Alcimus the brave 580
 And great Automedon attendance gave;
 These serv'd his person at his royal feast;
 Around, at awful distance, stood the rest.
 Unseen by these, the king his entry made;
 And, prostrate now before Achilles laid, 585

Sudden (a venerable sight!) appears;
 Embrac'd his knees and bath'd his hands in tears;
 Those direful hands his kisses press'd, imbru'd
 Ev'n with the best, the dearest of his blood!

As when a wretch (who, conscious of his crime,
 Pursu'd for murder, flies his native clime)
 Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale, amaz'd:
 All gaze, all wonder: thus Achilles gaz'd:
 Thus stood th' attendants stupid with surprise;
 All mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes:
 Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,
 Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke:

“ Ah think, thou favor'd of the pow'rs divine!
 Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!
 In me, that father's rev'rend image trace,
 Those silver hairs, that venerable face;
 His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see!
 In all my equal but in misery!

Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate
 Expels him helpless from his peaceful state;
 Think, from some pow'rful foe thou see'st him fly,
 And beg protection with a feeble cry.

Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise;
 He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes;
 And, hearing, still may hope a better day
 May send him thee to chase that foe away.

No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain:
 The best, the bravest of my sons are slain!
 Yet what a race! ere Greece to Ilion came,
 The pledge of many a lov'd and loving dame!
 Nineteen one mother bore — dead, all are dead!

How oft, alas, has wretched Priam bled!
 Still one was left, their loss to recompense;
 His father's hope, his country's last defense.
 Him too thy rage has slain! beneath thy steel,

Unhappy, in his country's cause he fell!
 For him through hostile camps I bent my way;
 For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay;
 Large gifts, proportion'd to thy wrath, I bear:
 Oh, hear the wretched, and the gods revere! 625
 Think of thy father and this face behold!
 See him in me, as helpless and as old;
 Though not so wretched: there he yields to me,
 The first of men in sov'reign misery:
 Thus forc'd to kneel, thus grov'ling to embrace 630
 The scourge and ruin of my realm and race;
 Suppliant my children's murd'rer to implore,
 And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore!"

These words soft pity in the chief inspire,
 Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his sire. 635
 Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)
 The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
 Now each by turns indulg'd the gush of woe;
 And now the mingled tides together flow:
 This low on earth, that gently bending o'er, 640
 A father one, and one a son, deplore:
 But great Achilles diff'rent passions rend,
 And now his sire he mourns, and now his friend.
 Th' infectious softness through the heroes ran;
 One universal solemn show'r began; 645
 They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.

Sate at length with unavailing woes,
 From the high throne divine Achilles rose:
 The rev'rend monarch by the hand he rais'd;
 On his white beard and form majestic gaz'd, 650
 Not unrelenting: then serene began
 With words to soothe the miserable man:

"Alas! what weight of anguish hast thou known,
 Unhappy prince! thus guardless and alone
 To pass through foes, and thus undaunted face 655

The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race!
 Heav'n sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,
 A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
 Rise then: let reason mitigate our care:
 To mourn avails not: man is born to bear. 660
 Such is, alas! the gods' severe decree;
 They, only they are blest and only free.
 Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
 The source of evil one, and one of good;
 From thence the cup of mortal man he fills, 665
 Blessings to these, to those distributes ill;
 To most he mingles both: the wretch decreed
 To taste the bad, unmix'd, is curs'd indeed;
 Pursu'd by wrongs, by meager famine driv'n,
 He wanders, outcast both of earth and heav'n. 670
 The happiest taste not happiness sincere,
 But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care.
 Who more than Peleus shone in wealth and pow'r?
 What stars concurring bless'd his natal hour!
 A realm, a goddess, to his wishes giv'n, 675
 Grac'd by the gods with all the gifts of heav'n!
 One evil yet o'ertakes his latest day;
 No race succeeding to imperial sway:
 An only son! and he (alas!) ordain'd
 To fall untimely in a foreign land! 680
 See him in Troy the pious care decline
 Of his weak age, to live the curse of thine!
 Thou too, old man, hast happier days beheld;
 In riches once, in children once excell'd;
 Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign, 685
 And all fair Lesbos' blissful seats contain,
 And all wide Hellespont's unmeasur'd main.
 But since the god his hand has pleas'd to turn,
 And fill thy measure from his bitter urn,
 What sees the sun but hapless heroes' falls? 690

War and the blood of men surround thy walls!
 What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed
 These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead;
 Thou canst not call him from the Stygian shore,
 But thou, alas! mayst live to suffer more!"

695

To whom the king: "O favor'd of the skies!
 Here let me grow to earth! since Hector lies
 On the bare beach, depriv'd of obsequies.
 Oh give me Hector! to my eyes restore
 His corse, and take the gifts! I ask no more:
 Thou, as thou mayst, these boundless stores enjoy;
 Safe mayst thou sail, and turn thy wrath from Troy;
 So shall thy pity and forbearance give
 A weak old man to see the light and live!"

700

"Move me no more," Achilles thus replies,
 While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes;
 "Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend;
 To yield thy Hector I myself intend:
 For know, from Jove my goddess mother came
 (Old Ocean's daughter, silver-footed dame);
 Nor com'st thou but by heav'n, nor com'st alone;
 Some god impels with courage not thy own:
 No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd.
 Nor could the boldest of our youth have dar'd
 To pass our outworks, or elude the guard.
 Cease; lest, neglectful of high Jove's command,
 I shew thee, king, thou tread'st on hostile land!
 Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o'er,
 And shake the purpose of my soul no more."

705

710

715

The sire obey'd him, trembling and o'eraw'd.
 Achilles like a lion rush'd abroad;
 Automedon and Alcimius attend,
 Whom most he honor'd since he lost his friend;
 These to unyoke the mules and horses went,
 And led the hoary herald to the tent;

720

725

Next, heap'd on high, the num'rous presents bear
 (Great Hector's ransom) from the polish'd car.
 Two splendid mantles and a carpet spread
 They leave, to cover and enwrap the dead :
 Then call the handmaids, with assistant toil 730
 To wash the body, and anoint with oil,
 Apart from Priam ; lest th' unhappy sire,
 Provok'd to passion, once more rouse to ire
 The stern Pelides ; and nor sacred age
 Nor Jove's command should check the rising rage. 735
 This done, the garments o'er the corse they spread ;
 Achilles lifts it to the fun'ral bed :
 Then, while the body on the car they laid,
 He groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus' shade :
 " If, in that gloom which never light must know, 740
 The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below,
 O friend ! forgive me that I thus fulfill
 (Restoring Hector) heav'n's unquestion'd will.
 The gifts the father gave be ever thine,
 To grace thy manes and adorn thy shrine." 745
 He said, and ent'ring took his seat of state,
 Where full before him rev'rend Priam sate :
 To whom, compos'd, the godlike chief begun :
 " Lo ! to thy pray'r restor'd, thy breathless son ;
 Extended on the fun'ral couch he lies ; 750
 And soon as morning paints the eastern skies,
 The sight is granted to thy longing eyes.
 But now the peaceful hours of sacred night
 Demand refection, and to rest invite :
 Nor thou, O father ! thus consum'd with woe, 755
 The common cares that nourish life forego.
 Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
 A parent once, whose sorrows equal'd thine :
 Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,
 In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades ; 760

Those by Apollo's silver bow were slain,
 These Cynthia's arrow stretch'd upon the plain.
 So was her pride chastis'd by wrath divine,
 Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line;
 But two the goddess, twelve the queen enjoy'd; 765
 Those boasted twelve th' avenging two destroy'd.
 Steep'd in their blood and in the dust outspread,
 Nine days neglected lay expos'd thè dead;
 None by to weep them, to inhume them none
 (For Jove had turn'd the nation all to stone): 770
 The gods themselves, at length relenting, gave
 Th' unhappy race the honors of a grave.
 Herself a rock (for such was heav'n's high will),
 Through deserts wild now pours a weeping rill;
 Where round the bed whence Acheloüs springs, 775
 The wat'ry fairies dance in mazy rings:
 There high on Sipylus's shaggy brow
 She stands, her own sad monument of woe;
 The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever flow.
 Such griefs, O king! have other parents known: 780
 Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
 The care of heav'n thy Hector has appear'd;
 Nor shall he lie unwept and uninterr'd;
 Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
 And all the eyes of Ilion stream around." 785

He said, and, rising, chose the victim ewe
 With silver fleece, which his attendants slew.
 The limbs they sever from the reeking hide,
 With skill prepare them, and in parts divide:
 Each on the coals the sep'rate morsels lays, 790
 And hasty snatches from the rising blaze.
 With bread the glitt'ring canisters they load
 Which round the board Automedon bestow'd:
 The chief himself to each his portion plac'd,
 And each, indulging, shar'd in sweet repast. 795

When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
The wond'ring hero eyes his royal guest;
No less the royal guest the hero eyes,
His godlike aspect and majestic size;
Here youthful grace and noble fire engage, 800
And there the mild benevolence of age.

Thus gazing long, the silence neither broke
(A solemn scene!); at length the father spoke:

“Permit me now, belov'd of Jove, to steep
My careful temples in the dew of sleep: 805
For since the day that number'd with the dead
My hapless son, the dust has been my bed,
Soft sleep a stranger to my weeping eyes,
My only food, my sorrows and my sighs!
Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give, 810
I share thy banquet and consent to live.”

With that, Achilles bade prepare the bed,
With purple soft and shaggy carpets spread;
Forth by the flaming lights they bend their way,
And place the couches, and the cov'rings lay. 815
Then he: “Now, father, sleep; but sleep not here;
Consult thy safety and forgive my fear,
Lest any Argive (at this hour awake,
To ask our counsel or our orders take),
Approaching sudden to our open tent, 820
Perchance behold thee and our grace prevent.
Should such report thy honor'd person here,
The king of men the ransom might defer.
But say with speed, if aught of thy desire
Remains unask'd, what time the rites require 825
T' inter thy Hector? For so long we stay
Our slaught'ring arm, and bid the hosts obey.”
“If then thy will permit,” the monarch said,
“To finish all due honors to the dead,
This of thy grace accord: to thee are known 830

The fears of Ilion, clos'd within her town ;
 And at what distance from our walls aspire
 The hills of Ide and forests for the fire.
 Nine days to vent our sorrows I request ;
 The tenth shall see the fun'ral and the feast ; 835
 The next to raise his monument be giv'n ;
 The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by heav'n !”

“This thy request” (replied the chief) “enjoy :
 Till then our arms suspend the fall of Troy.”
 Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent 840
 The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent,
 Where fair Briseïs, bright in blooming charms,
 Expects her hero with desiring arms.
 But in the porch the king and herald rest,
 Sad dreams of care yet wand'ring in their breast. 845

Now gods and men the gifts of sleep partake ;
 Industrious Hermes only was awake,
 The king's return revolving in his mind,
 To pass the ramparts and the watch to blind.
 The pow'r descending hover'd o'er his head, 850
 And, “Sleep'st thou, father ?” (thus the vision said)
 “Now dost thou sleep when Hector is restor'd ?
 Nor fear the Grecian foes or Grecian lord ?
 Thy presence here should stern Atrides see,
 Thy still-surviving sons may sue for thee ; 855
 May offer all thy treasures yet contain
 To spare thy age ; and offer all in vain.”

Wak'd with the word, the trembling sire arose
 And rais'd his friend : the god before him goes :
 He joins the mules, directs them with his hand, 860
 And moves in silence through the hostile land.
 When now to Xanthus' yellow stream they drove
 (Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove),
 The wingèd deity forsook their view,
 And in a moment to Olympus flew. 865

Now shed Aurora round her saffron ray,
 Sprung through the gates of light, and gave the day.
 Charg'd with their mournful load to Ilion go
 The sage and king, majestically slow.

Cassandra first beholds from Ilion's spire 870
 The sad procession of her hoary sire ;

Then, as the pensive pomp advanc'd more near
 (Her breathless brother stretch'd upon the bier),
 A show'r of tears o'erflow her beauteous eyes,
 Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries : 875

“ Turn here your steps and here your eyes employ,
 Ye wretched daughters and ye sons of Troy !
 If e'er ye rush'd in crowds with vast delight
 To hail your hero glorious from the fight,
 Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow ! 880
 Your common triumph and your common woe.”

In thronging crowds they issue to the plains,
 Nor man nor woman in the walls remains :
 In ev'ry face the self-same grief is shewn,
 And Troy sends forth one universal groan. 885

At Scæa's gates, they meet the mourning wain,
 Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain.
 The wife and mother, frantic with despair,
 Kiss his pale cheek and rend their scatter'd hair :
 Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay, 890
 And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day ;
 But godlike Priam from the chariot rose :

“ Forbear,” he cried, “ this violence of woes ;
 First to the palace let the car proceed,
 Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead.” 895

The waves of people at his word divide ;
 Slow rolls the chariot through the following tide :
 Ev'n to the palace the sad pomp they wait :
 They weep, and place him on the bed of state.
 A melancholy choir attend around 900

With plaintive sighs and music's solemn sound:
Alternately they sing, alternate flow
Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe;
While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,
And nature speaks at ev'ry pause of art. 905

First to the corse the weeping consort flew;
Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw:
And, "O my Hector! O my lord!" she cries;
"Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring eyes!
Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone! 910
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!

An only son, once comfort of our pains,
Sad product now of hapless love, remains!
Never to manly age that son shall rise,
Or with increasing graces glad my eyes; 915
For Ilion now (her great defender slain)
Shall sink, a smoking ruin, on the plain.

Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
Who saves her infants from the rage of war?
Now hostile fleets must waft those infants o'er 920
(Those wives must wait them) to a foreign shore!
Thou too, my son! to barb'rous climes shalt go,
The sad companion of thy mother's woe;
Driv'n hence a slave before the victor's sword,
Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman lord: 925

Or else some Greek, whose father press'd the plain,
Or son, or brother, by great Hector slain,
In Hector's blood his vengeance shall enjoy,
And hurl thee headlong from the tow'rs of Troy.
For thy stern father never spar'd a foe: 930
Thence all these tears, and all this scene of woe!
Thence, many evils his sad parents bore;
His parents many, but his consort more.
Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I thy last command? 935

Some word thou wouldst have spoke, which sadly dear,
 My soul might keep, or utter with a tear;
 Which never, never could be lost in air;
 Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there!"

Thus to her weeping maids she makes her moan; 940
 Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.

The mournful mother next sustains her part:
 "O thou, the best, the dearest to my heart!
 Of all my race thou most by heav'n approv'd,
 And by th' immortals ev'n in death belov'd! 945
 While all my other sons in barb'rous bands
 Achilles bound, and sold to foreign lands,
 This felt no chains, but went, a glorious ghost,
 Free and a hero, to the Stygian coast.
 Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom, 950
 Thy noble corse was dragg'd around the tomb
 (The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain);
 Ungen'rous insult, impotent and vain!
 Yet glow'st thou fresh with ev'ry living grace,
 No mark of pain or violence of face; 955
 Rosy and fair! as Phœbus' silver bow
 Dismiss'd thee gently to the shades below."

Thus spoke the dame, and melted into tears.
 Sad Helen next in pomp of grief appears:
 Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes 960
 Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she cries:

"Ah, dearest friend! in whom the gods had join'd
 The mildest manners with the bravest mind;
 Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er
 Since Paris brought me to the Trojan shore 965
 (Oh had I perish'd, ere that form divine
 Seduc'd this soft, this easy heart of mine!);
 Yet was it ne'er my fate from thee to find
 A deed ungentle or a word unkind:
 When others curs'd the auth'ress of their woe, 970

Thy pity check'd my sorrows in their flow :
 If some proud brother ey'd me with disdain,
 Or scornful sister with her sweeping train,
 Thy gentle accents soften'd all my pain.
 For thee I mourn ; and mourn myself in thee, 975
 The wretched source of all this misery !
 The fate I caus'd for ever I bemoan ;
 Sad Helen has no friend now thou art gone !
 Through 'Troy's wide streets abandon'd shall I roam,
 In Troy deserted, as abhorr'd at home ! " 980

So spoke the fair with sorrow-streaming eye ;
 Distressful beauty melts each stander-by ;
 On all around th' infectious sorrow grows ;
 But Priam check'd the torrent as it rose :
 " Perform, ye Trojans ! what the rites require, 985
 And fell the forests for a fun'ral pyre ;
 Twelve days, nor foes nor secret ambush dread ;
 Achilles grants these honors to the dead."

He spoke ; and at his word the Trojan train
 Their mules and oxen harness to the wain, 990
 Pour through the gates, and, fell'd from Ida's crown,
 Roll back the gath'red forests to the town.
 These toils continue nine succeeding days,
 And high in air a sylvan structure raise.
 But when the tenth fair morn began to shine, 995
 Forth to the pile was borne the man divine
 And plac'd aloft : while all, with streaming eyes,
 Beheld the flames and rolling smokes arise.

Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
 With rosy luster streak'd the dewy lawn, 1000
 Again the mournful crowds surround the pyre,
 And quench with wine the yet-remaining fire.
 The snowy bones his friends and brothers place
 (With tears collected) in a golden vase ;
 The golden vase in purple palls they roll'd 1005

Of softest texture and inwrought with gold.
Last, o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,
And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead
(Strong guards and spies, till all the rites were done,
Watch'd from the rising to the setting sun). 1010
All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,
A solemn, silent, melancholy train :
Assembled there, from pious toil they rest ;
And sadly shar'd the last sepulchral feast.
Such honors Ilion to her hero paid, 1015
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

LIST OF PROPER NAMES

IN

POPE'S ILIAD, BOOKS I., VI., XXII., XXIV.



Ablerus.	A Trojan warrior.
Acamas.	Son of Theseus and Phædra. Son-in-law of Priam.
Acheloüs.	The largest river in Greece.
Achilles.	Son of Peleus and Thetis. Bravest of the Greeks.
Adrastus.	Son of Talaüs, king of Argos.
Æneas.	Son of Anchises. A Trojan warrior.
Agamemnon.	Son of Atreus, king of Mycenæ. Brother of Menelaüs.
Agathon.	Son of Priam.
Ajax.	Son of Telamon, king of Salamis.
Alcimus.	A Græcian warrior. Friend of Achilles.
Aleian Field.	Between the rivers Pyramus and Pinarus in Cilicia.
Amazons.	Warlike race of females in Asia Minor.
Andromache.	Daughter of Eëtion. Wife of Hector.
Antæa.	Demeter. Goddess. Mother Earth.
Antenor.	Son of Aësyetes and Cleomestra. A Trojan elder.
Aretaön.	A Trojan warrior.
Argos.	Agrolis and the Peloponnesus, named from Argos.
Arisba.	Colony of Mitylenæans in Troas.
Artemis.	Daughter of Zeus and Latona. Twin sister of Apollo. Diana.
Astyanax.	Son of Hector and Andromache. Scamandrius.

Astylus.	A Trojan warrior.
Atreus.	Son of Pelops and Hippodamia. Grandson of Tantalus.
Atrides.	Agamemnon. Also applied to Menelaüs.
Aurora.	Eos, goddess of the morning. Daughter of Hyperion and Thia, and sister of Helios.
Automedon.	Son of Diore. Charioteer of Achilles.
Axylus.	Son of Teuthras, king of Mysia.
Bacchus.	Dionysus. God of wine. Son of Zeus and Semelé.
Briareus.	Ægæon. Son of Uranus (Heaven) and Gæa (Earth).
Brisëis.	Hippodamia. Daughter of Briseus, king of the Leleges.
Bucolion.	Son of Laomedon and Calybe. A Trojan.
Calchas.	A Grecian soothsayer.
Cassandra.	Prophetess. Daughter of Priam and Hecuba.
Ceneus.	Surname of Zeus.
Chimæra.	Fire-breathing monster of Lycia.
Chrysëis.	Daughter of Chryses, priest of Apollo.
Cilla.	A town of Troas, near Thebe.
Clytæmnestra.	Wife of Agamemnon. Daughter of Tyndarus and Leda.
Colesius.	Servant of Axylus.
Cynthia.	Surname of Artemis, from Mount Cynthus on Delos, where she was born.
Cyprian Queen.	Aphrodité, or Venus.
Dardans.	Trojans.
Deiphobus.	Son of Priam and Hecuba.
Diana.	Artemis. Virgin goddess.
Diomed (Diomedes).	King of Ætolia.
Dius.	Son of Priam.
Dresus.	Son of Bucoleon and Abarbarea.
Dryas.	A mythical personage.
Eëtion.	King of Thebé. Father of Andromache.
Elatus.	A mythical personage.
Ephyre (Ephyra).	Ancient name of Corinth.
Euryalus.	Son of Mecisteus. One of the Epigoni.

Eurybates.	Herald of Achilles.
Eurypylus.	Hero of Ormenium. Greek warrior.
Glaucus.	Lycian prince. Ally of the Trojans.
Hector.	Eldest son of Priam. Chief Trojan hero.
Hecuba.	Daughter of Dymas of Phrygia. Second wife of Priam.
Helen.	Daughter of Zeus and Leda. Wife of Menelaüs, abducted by Paris.
Helenus.	A seer. Son of Priam.
Hermes.	Son of Zeus and Maia. Mercury.
Hippothoüs.	Leader of the Pelasgians on the side of Troy.
Hyperia's Spring.	Near Pheræ, Thessaly.
Idæus.	Herald of the Trojans.
Ilion.	Troy. Ilium.
Imbros.	Island in Ægean Sea.
Iris.	Daughter of Thaumas and Electra. Messenger of the gods.
Juno.	Wife of Jupiter (Zeus). Heré.
Jupiter.	King of the gods. Zeus. Jove.
Laodicé.	Daughter of Priam and Hecuba. Wife of Helicaon.
Laomedon.	King of Troy. Father of Priam.
Lapithæ.	A mythical race in Thessaly. Allies of the Greeks.
Latona's Son.	Apollo. Latona, daughter of the Titan Cœus and Phœbé.
Leitus.	Son of Alektor. Commanded the Boëotians.
Lemnos.	An Ægean island, sacred to Vulcan.
Lycæon.	Son of Priam. Slain by Achilles.
Lycurgus.	King of Edones, in Thrace.
Mars.	God of war.
Melanthius.	A Trojan, slain by Eurypylus.
Menelaüs.	Son of Atreus. Brother of Agamemnon. Husband of Helen.
Minerva.	Virgin goddess. Pallas Athené.
Myrmidons.	Thessalians. Descended from Zeus and Eurymedusa. Led by Achilles in war.
Mysia.	A country in northwestern Asia Minor.

Neptune.	God of the sea.
Nestor.	A Grecian sage and warrior.
Niobé.	Daughter of Tantalus and Dioné. Children slain by Apollo and Artemis.
Olympus.	A mountain in Thessaly. Seat of the gods.
Opheltius.	Twin brother of Dresus.
Pallas.	Surname of Minerva (Athené).
Paris.	Second son of Priam and Hecuba.
Patroclus.	Son of Menœtius and Sthenelé. Bosom friend of Achilles.
Pelides.	Achilles. Son of Peleus and Thetis.
Percuos.	Imperial bird of Jove.
Phœbé.	Surname of Artemis, the moon goddess.
Phœbus.	Grandson of Phœbé. Apollo, god of the sun.
Phthia.	A district in Thessaly.
Phylacus.	A Trojan, slain by Leitus.
Pidytes.	A Trojan warrior.
Pirithoüs.	Son of Ixion (or Zeus) and Dia. King of the Lapithæ in Thessaly.
Pluto.	God of the infernal regions.
Polites.	One of the sons of Priam.
Polydamas.	Trojan hero. A friend of Hector.
Polydore (Polydorus).	Son of Priam, slain by Achilles.
Polyphemus.	One of the Lapithæ.
Polypœtes.	One of the Lapithæ.
Prætus.	King of Argos.
Priam.	King of Troy. Son of Laomedon and Placia.
Pylian Sage.	Nestor. Son of Neleus and Chloris.
Samos.	Island, Grecian Archipelago. Samothrace.
Sarpedon.	Son of Zeus and Europa. A Trojan ally.
Saturnius.	Son of Saturn. Surname of Zeus.
Scæan Gate.	Left-hand gate of Troy.
Scamander.	River in Troas. The Xanthus.
Scamandrius.	Astyanax.
Sidon.	Sidon and Tyre. Phœnician cities.
Sipylus.	A mountain in Lydia.
Sisyphus.	King of Corinth.
Smintheus.	Phrygian name for Apollo.

Solymæans.	A people of Lycia.
Stygian Coast.	The River Styx flows around the nether world.
Talthybius.	Herald of Achilles.
Tenedos.	Island in the Grecian Archipelago.
Teucer.	Son of Telamon and Hesione, of Crete.
Theano.	Wife of Antenor. Priestess of Minerva.
Theseus.	Legendary hero of Attica. Rescued Ariadne.
Thetis.	Wife of Peleus. Mother of Achilles.
Troilus.	Son of Priam and Hecuba.
Tydeus.	King of Calydon. Father of Diomed.
Ulysses.	Odysseus. King of Ithaca.
Venus.	Aphrodité. Goddess of love.
Vulcan.	God of fire. Hephæstus.
Xanthus.	A river of Troas. The Scamander.

For further particulars, see Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology," and "Harper's Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities" (1897).

NOTES

ON

POPE'S "ILIAD."—BOOKS I., VI., XXII., XXIV.

Book I. Line 2. "Heav'nly goddess." Calliope, the Muse of Poetry.

Line 3. "Pluto's gloomy reign." Those who died by a violent death were not supposed to die by Fate.

Line 8. "The will of Jove." It was Jove who raised the war, to rid the earth (as was supposed) of its multitudes of men who had no regard for the gods. Notice the meter of this line, twelve syllables.

Line 20. "Scepter and laurel crown." The scepter, symbol of sovereignty, oratory and justice. The laurel was used by the priest of Apollo, in memory of Daphne.

Line 52. Homer's phrase is "far-darting Apollo."

Line 53. "Smintheus." From the Phrygian mouse. Apollo put an end to the plague of mice, which gnawed the bowstrings and braces of the Teuceri.

Line 59. "God of the silver bow." Symbol of beams and rays of light.

Line 89. "So heav'n aton'd." Original meaning of atone, to make at-one; to propitiate, reconcile.

Line 91. "Calchas." He conducted the Grecian fleet to Troy by divination. Three kinds of divination; consulting the entrails of beasts, dreams, and the flight of birds. Calchas, as augur, used the last.

Line 116. "King of kings." Kings were under special protection of Jove.

"Jove's, Saturn's offspring, chiefest care
Is still for them who Princes are."

— *Callimachus' Hymn.*

Line 131. "Denouncing mischief still." Calchas foretold at Aulis, that the Trojan war would last ten years, and that Agamemnon must sacrifice his daughter Iphigenia.

Line 135. "Phœbus' oracles." Apollo was the author of prophetic inspirations.

Line 148. "And suffer rather than my people fall." Perhaps Agamemnon feared that the armies would make Achilles chief, in his place, if he dared the anger of the gods any farther.

Line 161. The lines 161 and 162 are Pope's.

Line 177. "Ajax' prize." Tecmessa: Ulysses had Laodice.

Line 191. "Fierce Achilles." Notice that when Agamemnon threatens, he mentions Achilles first; when he speaks of honors, Achilles is last.

Line 198. "Shall form an ambush." This kind of fighting required the very bravest warriors.

Lines 217 and 218. The antithesis was a favorite form with Pope. There is no such form in Homer.

Line 223. "Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain." Achilles was under Agamemnon, as a voluntary ally only, for the Trojan war. If he chose, he might retire.

Line 239. "Earth-born Myrmidons." The reference here to the "earth-born" is derogatory to Achilles' followers, who were fabled to have been descended from Myrmex. See Art. "Myrmex" in Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology.

Line 261. "Minerva." Unseen. This is a mythological rendering of the conflict in Achilles' breast. He saw at last that he would gain nothing by hasty action.

Line 264. "By the golden hair." The Greeks placed the seat of memory in the back of the head.

Line 266. Homer has no "sable cloud."

Line 298. "Thou dog in forehead." Ogilby translates,

"Thou dog-eyed drunkard, hearted like a deer."

Dog and deer, symbols of imprudence and timidity.

Line 313. "This scepter." He swears by the scepter, as an emblem of justice.

Line 315. "Laws." Homer would not use such a word; customs, precedents, decrees.

Line 324. "The bravest Greek." Achilles knew that it was fated that Troy could not be taken without his presence, in addition to the Palladium and the arrows of Philoctetes.

Line 332. Recall the story of the bees which settled on Plato's lips at Hymettus.

Line 345. "A godlike race of heroes once I knew." The Lapithæ, Argonauts, Centaurs. Look them up in a Classical Dictionary.

Line 350. "Polyphemus." Not the Cyclops of the "Odyssey."

Line 379. "No laws can limit, no respect control." This is one side only of Achilles' character, violent, irascible, intractable. The other side, affectionate, faithful to friendship, and capable of pity and magnanimity, will appear later.

Line 393. "Yet tamely see resum'd." The princes of Greece tamely allowed Achilles to be defrauded of his prize; therefore he was angry with them also.

Line 402. "Achilles with Patroclus." Brought up together in Phthia, and bosom friends.

Line 408. "The hecatomb." Literally, a hundred oxen; a large sacrifice.

Line 412. "Wash'd by the briny wave." Salt was always used in lustrations.

Line 420. "Two sacred heralds." Held inviolable. Achilles respects their office. See line 426, "unwilling."

Line 430. "At awful distance." Restrained by awe.

Line 432. "Decent confusion." Becoming hesitation.

Line 457. "From whence his mother sprung." Thetis was one of the sea-deities, courted by Neptune and Jupiter.

Line 460. "Since in early bloom." Thetis was told that Achilles should either become famous and die early, or live obscure to an old age. Achilles always acts with this doom before his mind.

Line 508. "Defrauds the votes." The prizes of war were allotted by vote of the chiefs.

Line 514. "Triumph'd in the glorious boast." The chief gods conspired against Jove. Thetis heard of the conspiracy from her father Nereus, a prophet, and she brought on the sea-deity Ægæon, who rescued Jove.

Achilles made the most of Thetis' power over Jove, and the defeats suffered by the Greeks are the result of her intercession.

Line 543. "To fates averse." Schlegel says this power of fate extends into the realm of the gods, Jove being, possibly, the only one exempt.

Line 557. "The feasts of Æthiopia's blameless race." The worship of Jupiter Ammon. Heeren thinks this procession of the sacred ship is sculptured on the temple of Karnak.

Line 601. "And with their heads to heaven." If in honor of celestial deities, the heads of victims were bent upward; if of the lower gods, downwards.

Line 616. "Goblets crown'd." Filled to the brim. Crowning with garlands not then the custom.

Line 671. "Who rolls the thunder." Homer's epithet for Jupiter is "cloud-compelling Jove."

Line 683. "He spoke; and awful bends his sable brows." It is said that Phidias fashioned his immense head of Jupiter Olympus under the inspiration of these lines of Homer.

Line 698. "Say, artful manager of heaven." One of Pope's poorest sentences. Rather "crafty arbiter."

Line 713. "Roll'd the large orbs." Homer uses "ox-eyed" to denote the full and soft eyes of Juno. The Greeks especially liked full, round, liquid eyes.

Line 731. "What *is*, that *ought* to be." This is Pope's.

Line 735. This altercation between Jupiter and Juno reveals the sympathy of Juno with the Greeks, and of Vulcan with Juno. Bear this in mind as the story proceeds.

Line 741. "The architect divine." See line 779.

Line 753. "The double bowl." For drinking out of both sides.

Line 761. "Hurl'd headlong downward." Compare "Paradise Lost," I. 45. Also in explanation of the event, "Iliad," Book XV.

Line 770. "Vulcan with awkward grace." The god was lame.

Book VI. Line 7. "Great Ajax first." Ajax Telemon is made to boast of not needing help of the gods in battle.

Line 9. "Acamas." Mars took the form of Acamas.

Line 24. "His faithful servant." Axylus' charioteer.

Line 27. "Two twins." "Two"; an unusual slip for the poet.

Line 46. "Beneath the Spartan spear." Of Menelaüs.

Line 56. "The victor's knees." Supposed by the ancients to be the seat of pity.

Line 61. "Rich heaps of brass." Not known in Homeric times. Bronze and hardened copper.

Line 66. "Stern Agamemnon swift to vengeance flies." No quarter was given in battle except with a view to the ransom of a prisoner. Agamemnon's action here must be judged by his times.

Line 83. "Old Nestor saw." Nestor, elderly and wise, assented to Agamemnon's act, thus proving that the epoch was one of relentless cruelty towards enemies.

Line 91. "Had not sage Helenus her state redress'd." Helenus, Hector's brother. First, by showing how the tide of battle might be turned against the Grecians, and then by offerings to Minerva.

Line 147. "Godlike Hector." Homer used another epithet.

Line 149. "Between both armies." This episode of Diomed and Glaucus is introduced with great art by Homer to gain time for Hector to go and return before the battle is renewed. The incident gives a new feature of ancient friendship.

Line 161. "Not long Lycurgus view'd the golden light." For the story of Lycurgus and his fate, see article on Lycurgus, in Classical Dictionary.

Line 165. "Their consecrated spears." The thyrsus; wands.

Lines 167 and 168; also lines 173 and 174, false rhymes.

Line 191. "Æolian Sisyphus." For the story, see Smith's Dict.

Line 210. "With tablets sealed." Having on them characters, not letters. Writing not then invented.

Line 215. "Bright morning orient." Homer's usual phrase is "rosy-fingered Aurora."

Line 242. "Two brave sons." Isandros and Hippolochos. "And one fair daughter." Laodamia.

Lines 279-281 make a "triplet." Notice the pronunciation of "join," line 279.

Line 294. "He gave his own." This unequal exchange of arms between Diomed and Glaucus has become proverbial to denote a bad bargain.

Line 298. "Beech-tree." Oak.

Line 322. "Bacchus." Homer does not refer to this god.

Line 331. Pope's views. The ancients praised the vine.

Line 357. "Each noble matron and illustrious dame." In Homer's day, matrons could officiate as priestesses after the virgins.

Line 361. "Sidonian maids." When Paris carried off Helen, he stopped at Sidon and made captives, with other booty.

Line 387. "But they vow'd in vain." Why in vain? See Pope's "Iliad," Book VIII. 39-46, 570, 571, and Book XXII. 35.

Line 389. "Hector to Paris' lofty dome repairs." Compare Paris and Hector. See lines 399-403, *et al.*

Lines 404 and 405. What is the conspicuous fault in these lines?

Line 427. "'Tis man's to fight." Pope's epigrammatical style again.

Line 431. "Helen." Study her character. Coleridge says, "She is a genuine lady, noble in her associations, full of remorse for which

higher powers seem responsible, yet grateful and affectionate towards those with whom that fault had committed her."

Mr. Gladstone remarks, "With 'beauty such as never woman wore,'" but "with infirmity of purpose, she unites grace and kindness, and a peculiar self-condemnation."

Line 532. "Bade their elms bestow a barren shade." The ancients planted only barren trees about sepulchers, emblematic of the unfruitfulness of the dead.

Line 543. "She fell a victim to Diana's bow." What was the name of Andromache's mother?

Line 551. "Where yon wild fig trees." Landmarks. Note this detail, giving the story the look of reality and probability, as if told by an eye-witness.

Lines 570-573. Prophecy showing the belief in fatalism so common at that time.

Line 603. "Preferr'd." Proffered.

Book XXII. Line 1. See "Introduction," for the progress of the story between Book VI. and Book XXII.

Line 6. "Beneath one roof of well-compacted shields." Compare the Roman "tortoise," so called, of shields held together on the heads to ward off missiles in scaling walls.

Line 13. "Apollo now." For the significance of this address of Apollo to Achilles, see Book XXI. 699-724.

Lines 21 and 22. Another false rhyme.

Line 45. "Obtests." Beseeches.

Line 49. "The sad father." Priam, too aged and feeble to help him.

Lines 104 and 105. Nothing in Homer like this.

Line 130. "So, roll'd up in his den." This is one of Pope's elaborations. Compare with the original.

Line 137. "He stood and question'd thus his mighty mind." Compare "Paradise Lost," VI. 113.

Line 139. "Honor and shame." Study the character of Hector, the noblest and bravest of the Trojans.

Line 140. "Polydamas." See Book XVIII.

Line 158. "The wife withheld." Helen, wife of Menelaüs.

Line 173. "Thus pond'ring." Hector, not Achilles, "the Greek."

Line 180. "He fears, recedes, and flies." Hector, superior to *men* in arms, is no match for the gods, or for Achilles assisted by a god. His fear and flight are the effect of supernatural forces upon him. His courage is not impugned by this action.

Line 216. "The rais'd spectator." Pope's line; "raised" in the sense, perhaps, of elevated by excitement.

Line 218. "The gazing gods." It is for their honor that Achilles now pursues Hector.

Line 220. "The sire of mortals and immortals spoke." This conversation between Jove and Minerva reveals the ancient belief in Fate, with a possible power in Jove to snatch from preordained death, if he will. The gods are the real actors in this conflict between Hector and Achilles. Apollo is on the side of Hector; Minerva for Achilles. Hector fled, but Minerva deceitfully induced him to make a stand and fight. For the result, see lines 263-276; also line 283.

Line 238. "No gods indignant blame their partial Jove." Jove is never called "partial" by Homer. Jove simply allows the Fates to have their way.

Line 247. "Tainted dew." Holding the scent.

Line 279. "This day our labors cease." With the death of Hector Troy's doom is sealed.

Line 295. "Too long, O Hector! have I borne the sight." Minerva, in the form of Deiphobus, making this deceptive, decoying speech, gives us a poor opinion of Homer's deities. The Grecian mythology teems (or reeks) with such evil characteristics of the gods.

Line 329. "No vile dishonor shall thy corse pursue." Compare Hector's noble vow with Achilles' angry retort (line 433), and his abuse of Hector's body after he had slain him. This rage he afterwards atoned for in part, by giving the body to Priam.

Line 353. "Minerva . . . drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand." Also line 370. Utterly unequal and unfair fight. What the gods will, just or unjust, is Fate.

Line 385. "Then welcome fate." Hector died as nobly as he lived.

Line 392. "Truss." Hold fast.

Line 395. "Fourfold cone." Helmet with four rows of plates.

Line 415. "At last is Hector stretch'd upon the plain." Achilles adds insult to injury, as he gloats over his fallen foe.

Line 429. "The common rites of sepulture bestow." If the body was not buried, the spirit must wander by the Styx ages on ages. (See line 458.)

Line 432. Homer never mentions any Greek who was taken captive alive, or who sued for mercy. Many Trojans, however, were so taken, or sued for life or for honorable burial.

Line 437. "Could I myself the bloody banquet join." "I would devour thee if I could, but I cannot."

Line 452. "And stretch thee here, before this Scæan gate." Achilles met a like fate. See Art. "Achilles," Smith's Dictionary.

Line 495. "A thought of vengeance bred." Nothing but Achilles' grief and exasperation at Hector's slaying of Patroclus, and his threat to impale his head, could have made him so vindictive. This must be remembered in extenuation of the deed.

Line 547. "Mix'd the tender shower." An artificial expression for a simple idea.

Line 548. "Some comfort that had been." One would suppose Priam would have shown some exultant pride over his son's heroic resistance and noble death in battle. The old man's abject grief shows the straits to which the Trojans were driven by the loss of Hector.

Line 602. "The veil and diadem." Homer says nothing about this sort of headgear.

Line 610. "One star, its baneful beam." Homer had no astrological ideas. Pope here follows Dryden's passion for astrology. (See "Palamon and Arcite.")

Line 620. "An only child." The moans of Andromache and her wailing over Astyanax are hardly worthy of Homer. They form a poor ending of this book.

Book XXIV. Line 30. "For Phœbus watch'd it with superior care." Give the reasons why the gods and goddesses took sides with Greeks or Trojans.

Line 34. "Hermes." From infancy he was a great thief. He stole Apollo's oxen, and became the patron of thieves.

Line 39. "What time young Paris." Read Tennyson's "Ænone," for the story of Paris on Mt. Ida.

Line 90. "The only honors men to gods can pay." It was a very barbarous age, though called heroic, when the people accepted such puerile contests and conversations on Mt. Olympus, and believed in the power of hecatombs to appease the divine wrath. The "Odyssey" marks a somewhat higher standard in mythology, and the Attic mind raised it still more, only, however, to result in utter scepticism as to the entire system.

Line 108. "From the bent angle." From the ox-horn, possibly, through which the fisher's line passed. A doubtful simile.

Line 112. "The blue-hair'd sisters." Nereids. Water nymphs.

Line 266. Compare Hecuba's courageous words with Priam's despair. This agrees with her after life.

Line 272. "Nor augur, priest, nor seer." Each has a different function; what had each?

Line 285. "Chargers." Platters. Compare Matt. xiv:8.

Line 310. "The sorrowing friends his frantic rage obey." (Also line 311.) Priam's conduct, for a Trojan hero, reminds us of Jacob's cry when Benjamin was taken, and of David's lament over Absalom.

Line 313. "Deiphobus." One story is that this son proved himself superior in a contest with his brothers, and carried off Helen as his prize.

Line 322. "Troilus." See Chaucer's story of "Troilus and Cressida." Also dramas of Dryden and Shakespeare.

Line 333. "The cabinet." The main body of the chariot.

Line 363. "Let the strong sov'reign of the plummy race." Ogilby translates,

"And beg of Jove,
To send his eagle, who so swiftly flies,
A dextrous omen."

(See line 388.)

Line 397. "Swift on his car the impatient monarch sprung." For a feeble old man, this action reveals his mental excitement rather than the alacrity of his body. Compare line 403. "On his slow wheels." The original Greek suggests haste.

Line 417. "The god obeys." Compare Dryden's translation of Virgil's "Æneid," IV. 350.

Line 431. "Ilus' ancient marble." The grandfather of Priam was Ilus. Hence Ilium, Troy.

Line 458. "The living image of my father shines." Hermes' father was Jupiter. Priam's father was Laomedon. This remark of Hermes is not so strong in the original, and merely means that Hermes will be as a son to Priam in his need.

Line 487. "Polyctor is my sire." Hermes takes a feigned name to conceal his divinity.

Line 502. How pronounce "mediates" in scanning this line?

Line 541. "He said, then took the chariot at a bound." The passages following are in Pope's best manner.

Line 598. Coleridge says of the scene which follows: "The whole scene between Achilles and Priam . . . is at once the most profoundly skillful and yet the simplest and most affecting passage in the 'Iliad.' Observe the exquisite tact of Priam in occupying the mind of Achilles, from the outset, with the image of his father; in gradually introducing the parallel of his own situation; and lastly,

mentioning Hector's name when he perceives that the hero is softened, and then only in such a manner as to flatter the pride of the conqueror."

Line 681. "See him in Troy the pious care decline." What is meant in this confused couplet is, "See him (Achilles) in Troy, decline the pious care of his father Peleus (at home), to be the cause of sorrow to Priam."

Line 739. "He groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus' shade." Patroclus was supposed to harbor revenge against his slayer, Hector, even in the shades below. Although Hector was himself slain, he must still feel the vengeance of his victim, and if Achilles gives back the body for burial rites, for so doing he must ask pardon from Patroclus' shade.

Line 773. "Herself a rock." The fable is that Niobe, after the death of her children, went to Mount Sipylus, and was metamorphosed into a rock, which was supposed to have the appearance of a human form.

Line 795. "And each, indulging, shar'd in sweet repast." Does this line rhyme with line 796?

Line 805. "Careful temples." Anxious, troubled.

Line 929. "And hurl thee headlong from the tow'rs of Troy." When Troy was taken, Astyanax was thrown from the walls and killed by Ulysses.

Line 964. "Now twice ten years." Homer has somehow mistaken the number. Pope does not correct the error.

Line 1016. "And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade." Homer's last line is more homely. "Thus held they obsequies for Hector, the tamer of horses."

With regard to the mythology of Homer, Max Müller, in his "Science of Language" (Second Series, Appendix to Lecture VIII.), tells us that the philosophers of Greece were shocked by these religious fables from the earliest times. Xenophanes, who lived before Pythagoras, accuses Homer and Hesiod of having ascribed to the gods everything that is disgraceful among men. Heraclitus seems to have looked upon the Homeric system of theology as flippant infidelity. Anaxagoras, who died 428 B.C., is said to have explained the whole of the Homeric mythology allegorically. Zeus was mind; Athene, art; and so on. The student may read profitably, for further information, Lecture X. of the same work by Müller.

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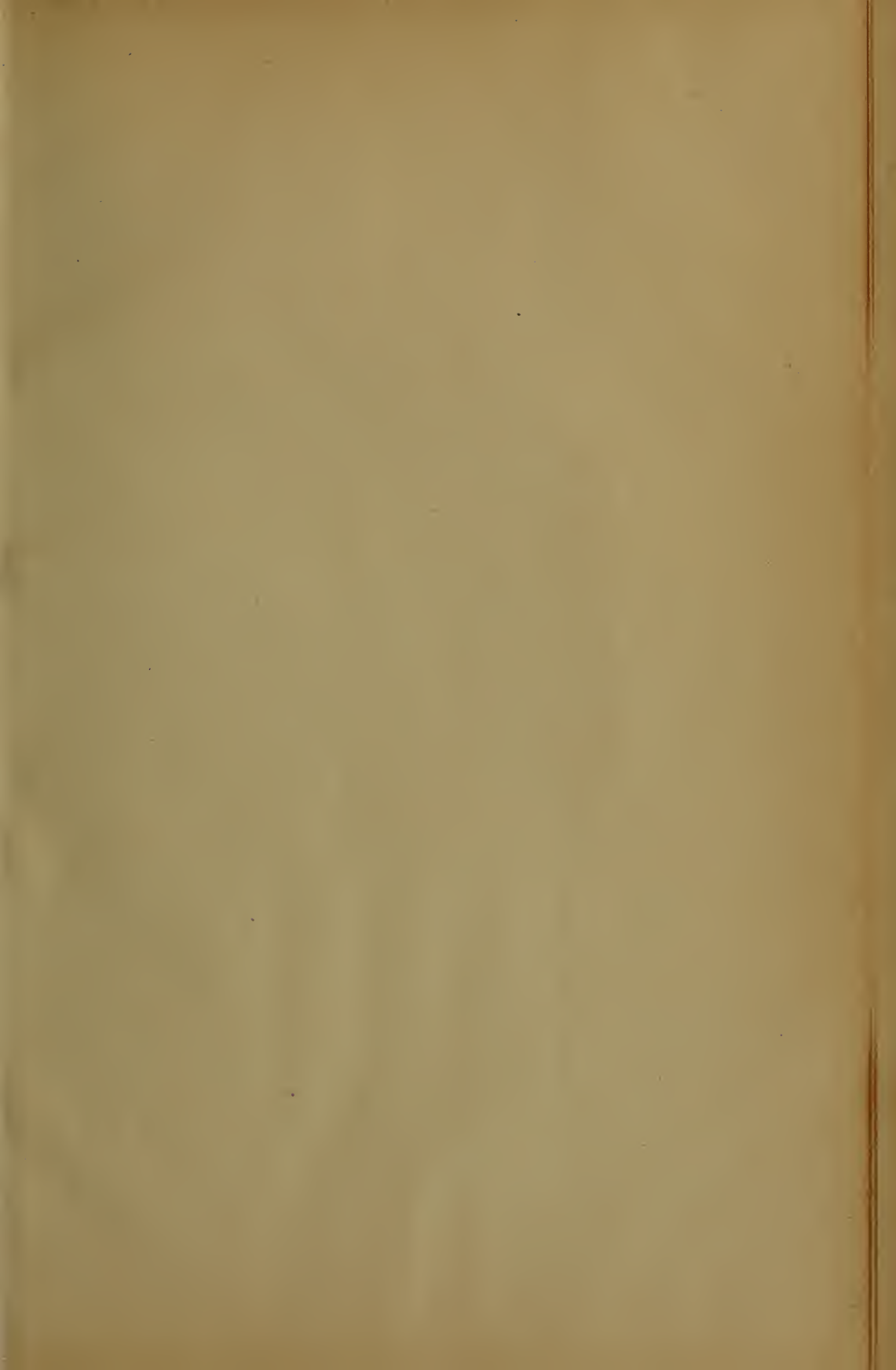
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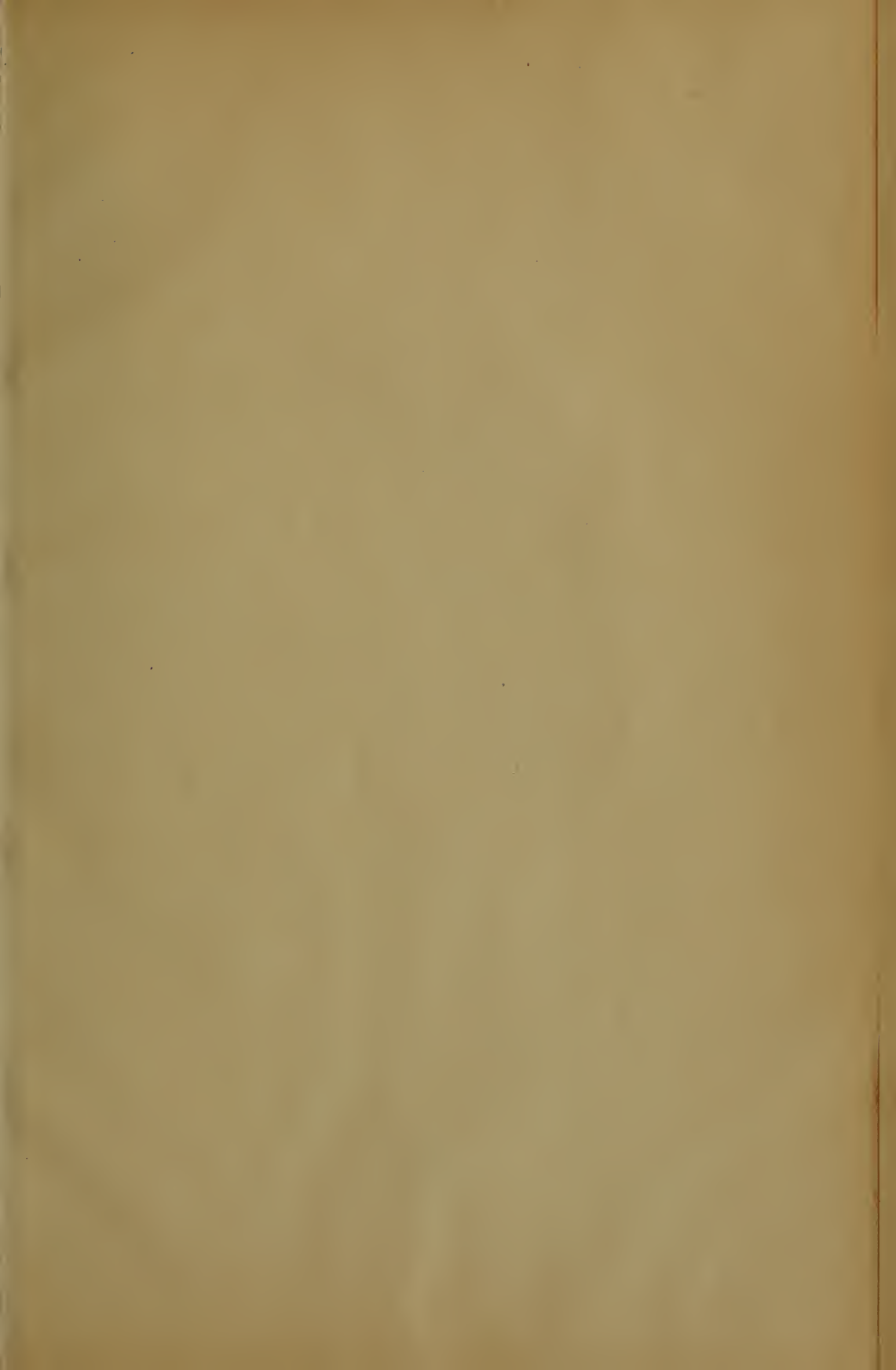
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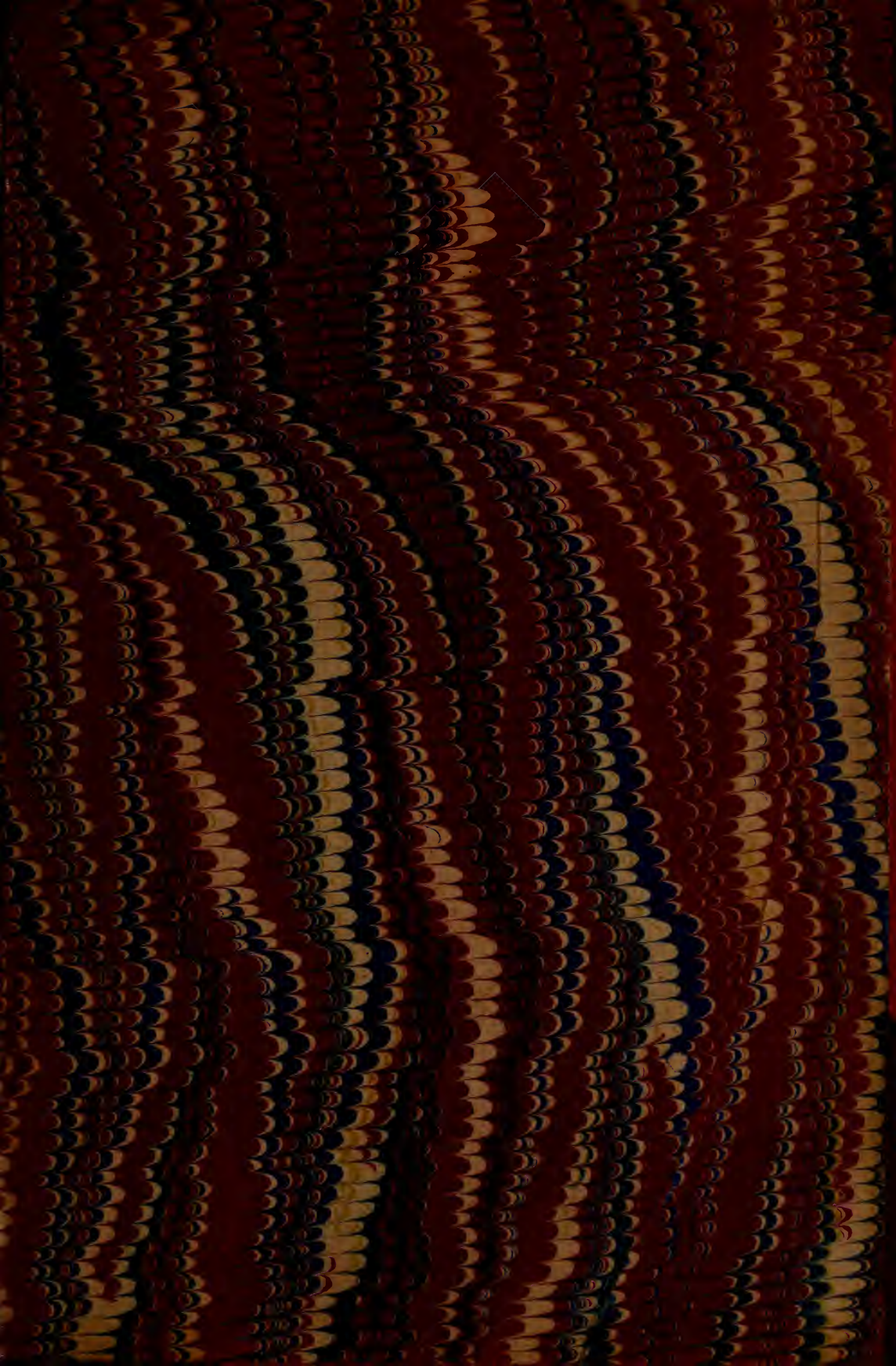
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